

Scorned

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Scorned

by [AdrianaintheSnow](#)

Summary

A wrist was pressed against his mouth. “Drink,” Technoblade said into his ear, and any lingering hope that he might just kill him here or better yet just let him die from his injuries instead of dragging him back to their sire withered away. Tommy kept his mouth shut. “Drink, now, or you’re going to die.”

Scorned fledglings either had a sympathetic adult vampire take them on as a substitute sire or died. The first was not an option for Tommy. Everyone knew the moment he managed to wiggle out of the cruel grip of his own sire that helping him was a death sentence. In fact, coming face to face with any vampire meant getting dragged back to those who'd laid claim to his blood. Few wanted to go against the Sleepy Coven; all wanted to gain favor with them. His fate was to die on the street at best. At worst... well, that's why he'd ran.

Yet, he ended up blessed by circumstance (for once) with a third option curtesy of his best friend Tubbo whose hands were stained with magic and who was willing to do what was necessary to keep him alive, bloodsucker or not.

(I adore all of the Dark SBI vampire fics, but I'm also a wimp, so I want it to all be a horrible misunderstanding and for them to all hug at the end.)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

- Inspired by [All Good Devils Masquerade Under the Light](#) by [kyoromii](#)

Prologue: The Food Chain

Thalia prided herself on being able to pick out weak prey. She had been alive for almost a millennium, without a sire for centuries, and without a coven for decades. She knew how to fend for herself, and she knew how to find a snack before going at all hungry. It was easy really to find the best prey. She was a wolf among sheep. Her eyes easily picked out the weak, young, and alone lingering at the edge of the flock. Yet, unlike a wolf, it was easy for her to wander amongst them without their knowledge even though recently the human populace had been a bit skittish given current events. She had learned to disguise herself well long ago and none of them looked at her twice.

Today, she had set her sights on a boy. He was on the cusp of being a man, though he was not quite there. He was short, but he looked like he was probably done growing in height. She imagined he'd still have baby fat in his cheeks if he had any fat to spare. As it was, he was rather skinny and looked tired. She'd picked up immediately on the old, patched clothing with dirt and grime ground in so thoroughly it was almost part of the fabric. There was dirt under his nails and on his face. She followed him for a bit, noting as he bought the least expensive food stuff from the market. She rarely found need to eat human food, but even she knew that the bread he bought must be stale and would not taste good. He was clearly poor and weak. As long as he didn't meet up with someone, he'd be easy pickings.

Luck was on her side because he left the market without meeting up with any friends or family, heading away down the streets of one of the poorer areas. He looked around himself warily every so often, but his eyes never landed on her in the shadows.

She followed him farther into the more and more decrepit neighborhoods. There were some drug addled humans stumbling about, but their tainted blood did not interest her no matter how easy they would be, especially when she was tracking much better prey. She was in no rush, so she didn't attack even though she doubted the people around would be able to do much. She waited until he turned onto a completely abandoned alleyway, and he was totally alone.

She was on him in a flash, one arm coming up to pull him into a mockery of a hug, the hold as firm as an iron bar across his chest. The other hand reached up to grab his hair and pull his head to the side. He didn't even have time to struggle. She almost felt bad. "No hard feelings kid," she said, teeth an inch from his neck. "It's just the food chain."

She had just a moment to think that something about the way he tensed was wrong for the circumstances before something metal and cold touched her arm. All of her limbs immediately went rigid and then limp. It had been electricity, but with something extra and magical. An aftertaste of cinnamon and lavender burnt the back of her throat as she collapsed onto the ground.

She was left dazed, but she still managed to string enough thoughts together to wonder if somehow a hunter had slipped under her radar. Usually, she could tell. Hunters were well cared for in ways it was impossible to hide. They should be well fed. Dirt they might roll around in to make themselves appear meeker should not be cracked and dried and layered.

If he were a hunter, there would be a wooden stake in her chest by now. He would not have grabbed her by the ankles to drag her seeming to be having trouble with it besides. She was put on something wooden, and a dirty, smelly old blanket was tossed carelessly over her. After a few seconds, the thing she was laying on began to move and she could hear wheels clicking as they turned. Her body was jostled every time they hit a groove in the unpaved sidewalk.

What the hell was happening?

She continued to try to move, but whatever she'd been shocked with was not fading, leaving her to lay paralyzed as she was carted away somewhere. She still could do nothing more than slightly twitch her nose by the time the movement stopped.

The blanket was ripped off of her and she blinked up at a grey ceiling. With effort, she was able to move her neck a bit. It was enough to figure out they were in some sort of garage or maybe a storage unit. It was slightly warmer than it had been outside and smelled of herbs, wet concrete, and human.

The human was standing above her and to the side, but he didn't even spare her a glance. "Tommy," the boy called softly, and a pile of blankets and towels shifted, a head of blond hair popping out. Another boy who appeared to be about the same age as the one who had taken her (though looks could be deceiving) struggled to his feet, seeming a bit dazed and confused.

When Thalia got a good look at him, she was shocked. It was a fledgling, and a young one. A stumbling confusedly on its legs like a baby deer who'd never walked young. He couldn't be more than a week or two turned, weak, shaky, and vulnerable from the process. Any good sire would have him still in a bed and being plied with gentle touches and everything he needed. He must have been scorned.

Yet, after her initial thoughts, she realized something even stranger. He was physically young, young enough he'd need human food for a few years to continue growing. Turning someone that young was strange, but not unheard of. What was unheard of was the fact that there was a human in the room and neither the human nor the fledgling (probably the fledgling with how clearly weak it was) was dead. Fledglings, particularly ones turned too young were vicious and uncontrollable in the presence of humans. It was an instinct meant to protect them in their vulnerable state as humans were likely to try to squash their own predators before they could defend themselves. Though, this often led to the fledgling's death. Yet, this one did not lunge for the human. And it wasn't as though the fledgling was restrained or couldn't get to the human. He was fully free, taking a stumbling step towards them. The human... the human stepped forward. He grabbed the fledgling around the waist to steady him and the fledgling let out a wounded noise, clearly racked with hunger, but not going for the neck.

"It's okay," the human said. "It's okay. I've got you."

"Hurts," the fledgling bit out. His fangs were fully distended, but they only dug into the flesh of his own lips.

"I know," the human soothed. "We're going to get you fed and then get you back to bed." He turned a cold gaze on Thalia. "No hard feelings," he said with unsympathetic eyes. "It's just the food chain."

And Thalia with dawning horror, suddenly understood. Not the events that led up to this, but the events that were about to take place. Because, while a fledgling as young as this would normally be mindlessly attacking any human that came near, it wouldn't actually be able to digest human blood yet. For the first five to six years after being turned, a vampire was meant to rely on the blood of their sire or adult nestmates, though in the case of a scorned, any adult vampire's blood would do.

"Do..." the fledgling asked. "Do I have to...?"

"Drink? Yes. Kill her? No, but don't feel bad if you do on accident. She'll be meeting the sun come morning either way."

The fledgling seemed hesitant, taking one stumbling step closer, but that was all.

“She was going to eat me,” the human divulged. “So, it isn’t like it’s not deserved.”

“She did?” the fledgling asked, eyes flashing and wobbling posture suddenly steadying at least a bit.

“Mhmm,” the human said. “Tracked me all the way from the market and went to bite me in an alley.”

The fledgling looked down at her, eyes still bright blue at this point and hissed. It was a weak sound compared to similar ones other vampires might make when angry, but impressive in a morbid sort of way for one so young.

“Go on now,” the human urged. “Got to get your strength up.”

The human didn’t even turn away when the fledgling went for her neck. He just stared as she became the prey.

An Interrupted Shopping Trip

Chapter Notes

Decided to go ahead and post the second chapter since the first was just a prologue.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

One and a half years later

Tommy couldn't stop the small whine that came from his throat, though he did his best to make it as quiet as possible so only Tubbo would be able to hear it.

"I told you not to come," Tubbo hissed in response. He turned to start a conversation with a vendor before Tommy had a chance to respond.

Usually, Tubbo was pretty patient with Tommy and his... involuntary eccentricities, but he'd grown frustrated with him more and more throughout this trip. It wasn't Tubbo's fault, not really. They were both tired and hungry and cold. They were here to rectify one of these things. First, they were going to shop for food and then they were going to *shop* for *food*. The second task was why Tommy insisted on coming.

Sure, Tubbo had proven himself able to provide for Tommy's... needs in the first few months where Tommy had felt like a newborn calf and could barely get out of the pile of blankets that functioned as their bed, but now things had stabilized. He'd still be considered a fledgling for a few more years, but he'd grown out of the pretty much actually a literal newborn phase and while he was nowhere near as strong or as fast as a fully matured vampire, he was already stronger than a human. Which meant, he refused to allow Tubbo to go out and risk himself alone to feed Tommy anymore.

It still sucked though. There were so many *humans*. It made him feel like sandpaper was being rubbed across the back of his neck. Being around humans made him feel a weird fear that was tinged with aggression. They smelled like food, but he knew biting them would do nothing for him. It's like when he used to go to the coffee shop around the corner and smell all the delicious roasted beans until he gave in and bought a cup only for it to taste horrible and for him to spit his first mouthful back into the cup. (Tubbo used to always get pissy with him because *he* liked coffee, but he *didn't* like Tommy spit.) Beyond Tommy just wanting to bite them, they also terrified him. He expected an attack every time one passed behind him, having to suppress a warning growl. His instincts screamed *threat*, *threat*, *kill* at every turn. He hated being around humans. Well, except for Tubbo. Tubbo didn't register as threat or food he registered as... well, Tommy wasn't sure what he registered as. Maybe whatever vampires were supposed to feel for their coven when they weren't born into a coven that actively want to torture them.

Tommy knew it'd look pretty weird to the tomato vender if he curled his entire body around Tubbo and stuck his nose in his neck, so instead Tommy pulled the edges of the scarf he'd stolen from the boy earlier up over his nose for some sort of comfort.

Tubbo must have noticed out of the corner of his eye because despite being clearly agitated, he reached over to grab Tommy's hand without stopping his haggling with the woman behind the

counter. Tommy kept his face buried in the scarf, clinging to the part of Tubbo he was allowed to right now. He just wanted to be home even if home was a literal storage unit on the edge of the city where he was left like a dog most days while Tubbo went to work. At least home didn't smell terrifying.

It should probably smell terrifying. Witches and vampires were natural enemies. Humans and vampires were natural enemies. Hell, it smelled like garlic most of the time because the main spell Tubbo cast for him had garlic as the main ingredient.

His hand closed around the charm that hung around his neck. It was handspun glass made in the storage unit with a container of sand and fire magic. It held a potion in it that had to be renewed every two weeks. As long as it was within five feet of him, it cloaked his scent from all vampires, including himself. It was kind of weird, actually. When he turned his nose to himself, he mostly just smelled like Tubbo. Tubbo had made it for him while he'd been curled into a panicking ball on the floor at the news that they were widening the search for him from places he could logically have gotten in his state to the entire city. It was old, almost unknown magic with experimental ingredient substitutions held together by pure stubborn intent. Yet, it must have worked, because the terrifying rage and destruction that tore through the city never found them.

A year and a half later, here they were in the market buying tomatoes, and Tommy only sort of kind of wanted to go on a rampage and kill everything that moved but Tubbo and/or curl up into a ball and cry. Now that they'd calmed down (Not stopping the search. They were too stubborn and pissed for that, but spreading their resources more thinly.), he and Tubbo only had to really worry about the wrong person stumbling into them and recognizing his face: vampire or hunter.

Unfortunately, there were quite a few hunters who might recognize him. He'd been in the teenager training program before being turned, though he'd never seen the field. They all knew what had happened. They'd all kill him on sight. As for vampires, well, his picture had been spread around to all major covens when he'd ran basically with the caption 'Bring back alive or else.' They wouldn't kill him on sight and that would be so much worse.

Tubbo was apparently done with buying the tomatoes, because there was a tug on his hand. Tommy dutifully trailed after him like a shy toddler. He felt like a shy toddler and that just made him want to cry more. Being a vampire was shittier than he'd have thought and not for the reasons he'd once thought it would be. There were all sorts of new feelings and instincts that he didn't understand or know how to express correctly. He hated it. He hated that one part of his mind was almost an adult with 17 years of memories and experience and the ability to think for himself and the other half was a stupid, clingy baby. He wanted to be a loud, proud, brave man like Tommy Innit was supposed to be.

"Stop being a twat," Tubbo said blandly, and Tommy watched a nearby mother look very offended.

He almost laughed, but instead he said, "Oi, fuck off prick," probably a bit too loudly considering the mother's face.

"Oh, no, he's angry," Tubbo said, "what's he gonna do? Let go of my hand."

And Tommy did actually let go of his hand to shove his shoulders. "I came here out of the goodness of my own heart because you needed Tommy time, you clingy motherfucker."

Tubbo rolled his eyes. "Bite me."

"On the ass or on the neck."

“The ass,” Tubbo said without hesitation. Tommy couldn’t help but chuckle then, feeling a couple of degrees warmer despite the cool night air. Tubbo smiled too and everything settled for just a moment even with all of the humans surrounding them.

That lightness came crashing down immediately when he caught sight of something, or rather someone horribly familiar across the street.

“T-Tubbo,” Tommy whimpered. Tubbo did not look but he seemed to know. He reached forward and grabbed the hood on the sweatshirt Tommy was wearing and pulled it over his hair with a playful smile pinned to his face. To an outside observer, it would seem they were still just messing around.

“Are they looking this way?” Tubbo asked casually, his voice low.

“No,” Tommy said, “b-but what if it’s a game. What if he knows? What if he’s just playing with us?”

“The scarf was over your face,” Tubbo reminded, “and you don’t smell right.”

“But...”

“Who is it?”

Tommy swallowed. “Technoblade,” he said.

His arm instantly slid into his coat to where Tommy knew his weapon was concealed. A weapon that would surely not be enough against the vampire across the street. They said he’d once walked through the sun on fire to kill a man who’d angered him. A bit of electricity and lavender wasn’t going to cut it. “It’s okay,” Tubbo said anyway. “Keep the hood on, the scarf up, and put your arm around me.” He did as he was asked even though he wanted to tuck that arm into his chest. He felt vulnerable like this, spread wide, though at least he had to slump to properly lean against the shorter boy’s shoulder. “Good, now we’re just going to walk at a normal pace down the street in the opposite direction.” Tommy didn’t respond, but he did do as he was told.

They slipped down the street like they were just two normal teenage humans heading home from the market and not fleeing the Blood God himself.

“I don’t think we can go hunting tonight, Tommy,” Tubbo breathed once they were far, far away from there. “I’m sorry.”

Tommy nodded. “I just wanna go home,” he said.

Tubbo nodded back and continued to lead him home. The fact that they both made it there intact meant there was no way he’d been seen.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

A Sad Beagle

Chapter Notes

Here's a little bit of status quo before everything goes to shit. The status quo is that Tommy is depressed.

“Don't,” a firm voice is what pulled him from a very deep sleep. He made a questioning hum. “Do not bite me.”

Tommy woke up just a little bit more at that, realizing that his mouth was open, though his fangs were not distended. They were still razor sharp, though. He slowly closed his mouth. “Sorry,” he mumbled sheepishly though mostly closed lips.

Tubbo hummed. He was half out of Tommy's grip from where they'd fallen asleep when morning hit, probably trying to wiggle away to go to work. “I cannot explain any more bleeding fang marks to my boss. She already thinks I'm a blood junkie.” Tubbo was justifiably more agitated than concerned that a vampire had almost nibbled on his shoulder. They had both freaked out the first time the urge struck. Tommy had ended up tasting burnt lavender and paralyzed for a good 12 hours, but they'd eventually figured out that the instinct to bite Tubbo did not come from wanting to eat Tubbo. That almost made it worse. It made sense, he guessed. Allegedly sharing a little blood with those in your clan was normal even for adult vampires. The only problem (besides it just being weird as hell) was that Tommy's teeth were designed to rip deeply into human veins and Tubbo very much had human veins.

“You're too good for her to fire you,” Tommy said with a yawn. He kept his mouth firmly closed as he nuzzled into Tubbo's neck.

“She only thinks that because I drug her coffee,” Tubbo said with a smile that was all teeth.

“No, you're good. You make that honey green tea for me.”

“Maybe that's also drugged.”

“I know what magic tastes like by now, Tubbo.” Tommy curled around him tighter with a yawn.

“Nope, no, it's time to let me go.” Tommy hugged him even harder. “Tommy,” he said exasperated while wiggling.

Tommy puffed out a breath and rolled them over, so he was on top. He set his ear on Tubbo's chest to listen to the whooshing sound of the human's heartbeat.

“Tommy,” Tubbo complained. “Off.”

But Tommy did not want to get off. If he got off, Tubbo would leave for work at the coffee shop, and Tommy would be alone. Tommy was already hungry and sun drunk since it was just past noon. He didn't want him to leave. He wanted them to just fall back asleep together.

“Prick,” Tubbo muttered. He ran a hand through Tommy's hair, his fingers rubbing near his ear before settling to scratch at the back of his neck. Tommy went limp and dazed, and then he was on his back.

He hated the betrayed whine he let out when Tubbo pulled away, but he was way too tired to stop it from bubbling forth.

Tubbo sighed, but he didn't come back. “We need to get you blood tonight,” he said. Tommy heard him shuffling around as he pulled on jeans and a fresh shirt, but he was too busy wallowing in his own loneliness to open his eyes. “You'll feel more like yourself then.” God, Tommy hoped so. The hunger made every instinct burn just that much brighter, drowning out everything that was Tommy and leaving a vulnerable, whining husk. “Get some sleep for now.”

“...Kay,” Tommy agreed meekly. He heard Tubbo grab his things and the door to the storage unit opened and closed.

Tommy sighed and opened his eyes to stare at the ceiling. Yeah... he wasn't going back to sleep. He never did when Tubbo went to work. It didn't matter how much the early afternoon sun pulled on his eyelids; he'd just be in a half awake daze until the evening.

He reached over and patted at the blankets near his head until he found his phone and headphones. Though, it wasn't much of a phone anymore, as it's connection to cell service had been disabled. He mostly just used the note app as a makeshift diary, the camera to take embarrassing pictures of Tubbo, and the music app to hurt himself.

He popped the earbuds in, opened the music app, and pressed shuffle. He'd let the universe decide how much he suffered today.

He was curling up into a ball at the first note of the first song, recognizing it immediately. The universe really just wanted to make him suffer today, didn't it?

God, he wished they had wifi and he could use Spotify. He'd make a whole new account and listen exclusively to bluegrass and pop music from the 2000s until his music tastes were ruined. Maybe then he'd be able to bring himself to delete the most painful of the songs from his phone and never listen to them again, never think about the memories attached to them again.

Then again, he probably wouldn't.

When the first song ended, he was given a bit of reprieve with one that had just been on a scribble list of suggestions, the original paper lost to time, and not one that had any particular memories attached to it. He shifted a bit, forcing himself to his feet. Between the hunger and the sun, he felt like he was about to pass out, but he was used to that by now. He ignored the spots that danced at the edges of his vision and walked over to one of the two mini fridges they had set up. The one for human food was the only one with anything in it right now, unfortunately. All of the painted black glass jars that usually held blood in the second fridge were empty and already cleaned off to the side.

Tommy did his best to stay out of the human fridge. He didn't *need* anything in it, not really. He technically should be eating human food since his body needed a bit extra to actually grow into an adult, but he didn't need it to survive to the next day. It was much more important that Tubbo ate both for his survival and for Tommy's own. Tommy rarely even got hungry for human food.

That was a lie he'd told to Tubbo so many times that he'd started to believe it.

Today though he was just hungry. For human food, for vampire food, for anything really, and there was milk that had been expired for about two days and was starting to smell a bit funny in the fridge. Honestly, he was doing Tubbo a favor.

He sat down at the little table they'd dragged in 8 months ago, not bothering with a cup and just drinking out of the container. Hey, he was going to toss it anyway. Why make a cup dirty?

It tasted pretty bad, but honestly, most food tasted bad anymore with his vampire senses. You'd fucking think his vampireyness would allow him to enjoy food since he apparently still sort of needed it, but noooo, the only thing that tasted good was literally blood.

The milk at least made him feel a little better by the time he was done. Well, he was a bit queasy from the taste, but he did feel more awake.

The music switched to something a bit peppier, though the happiness it was supposed to evoke was lost on him nowadays. Maybe if he ignored the lyrics and did something that would help. He looked around the storage unit with a critical eye and decided to clean up a little bit. They didn't have much space, but they did have designated areas for different things. He was currently in the 'kitchen' which was next to the 'bedroom.' Then, there was the living space and the 'Tubbo Area.' Yet, it had been a while since either of them had energy to clean up. The winter months were harder, they'd found. Even vampires spent a lot of time indoors, so it was hard to find food for Tommy and food for Tubbo got more expensive. Tommy could at least sort things out: detangling potion ingredients from kitchen utensils from blankets.

It took a while despite the fact that they had so few possessions, mostly because Tubbo had all sorts of little things that Tommy didn't even know all of the functions of. He did notice they were starting to run out of some important potion ingredients, so he typed those into his phone's note app. By the time he'd finished, he could feel the sun starting to set; winter was good for one thing. He face-planted on the 'couch' which was actually a bunch of larger pillows they'd managed to find over the past few months next to the blessing that was the magical space heater Tubbo had jury-rigged for them. Finally, he decided that the music wasn't worth it anymore, pausing it before the next song would play.

Now he had nothing to do.

God, these pillows smelled like trash. Well, they had gotten them out of the trash, but, like, they'd also actually managed to get them to a laundry mat... once.

...

Ugh, he really was just a sad beagle who was on a weird, strict diet and spent his days laying on smelly pillows waiting for his owner to come home. But dogs didn't have to confront the fact that they should have a drivers license by now. They didn't miss wandering malls for hours on their own trying to find the perfect thing to buy with the £12.50 in their back pockets. Unless they had a bitching owner, they probably had never spent nights under the stars on rooftops listening to...

Hadn't he taken a funny picture of Tubbo last night before going to sleep? He wondered if he could edit that to make it funnier. His photo app had some default filters he could play around with.

That's how Tubbo found him when he came home, curled up on the couch laughing wildly at something on his phone that he refused to show him.

Antebellum

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy immediately homed in on the fact that Tubbo was jumpier than normal that night, and he couldn't quite tell if that was just because he was strung out from... well, everything. To be fair, he was pretty sure Tubbo himself didn't know. Tommy had asked, and he'd just replied, "Bad vibes," with his brows pinched.

Part of Tommy wanted to just stay home when he said that. Tubbo had been a street kid from 8 on with a few unfortunately temporary pitstops. He'd survived a city crawling with vampires most of his life listening to 'bad vibes.'

Unfortunately, they really, really *had* to get supplies tonight despite the bad vibes and the way Tommy was still twitchy at having been so very close to one of the vampires he was hiding from the night before. Tommy needed to eat. Adult vampires might be able to hibernate for centuries when there was a lack of blood, but a fledgling's body would eventually just shut down completely.

Somehow, even more worrying than possible starvation, Tubbo had frowned at the list of supplies they were lacking. At least a couple of the ingredients were necessary for the cloaking spell. They had about enough for two more refills. With what was left of the current potion, they had a bit more than a month at best assuming nothing went wrong. At worst... well, Tubbo had gotten better at the potion, but there were times where he'd blown through four or five batches trying to make one viable one. They'd probably be okay, but the risk was higher than they wanted.

So, the priorities for tonight were finding potion supplies in a city that was under the impression it had managed to burn its last practicing witch 3 years ago, taking down an adult vampire with a starved fledgling and a human wielding a glorified taser, and maybe buying/snatching human food if they had enough cash left over/found an opportunity. ...Easy.

As they approached the middle of the city, Tommy started to feel more and more nervous, and he could tell Tubbo was too. The feeling of constant danger was not unfamiliar to Tommy when around the more populous areas especially when he was so hungry, but this fear tasted different. There were actually fewer humans about than normal, but Tommy felt his anxiety spike with every step they took.

Yet, the thing that made Tommy almost bolt was the presence of a guard standing in their path. Tubbo's footsteps faltered when he noticed the woman standing there, but he made a split-second decision not to turn away, instead slowing to approach the guard with an air of casual curiosity. Tommy watched, half hiding behind his friend, while Tubbo smiled at the guard as though she wouldn't kill them both if she had any idea about what they both were. His smile appeared completely calm even though she was the first indication beyond 'bad vibes' that something was actually seriously wrong right now.

She was standing directly on the line that separated the No-Man's land that was the slums and the Sleepy Coven territory even though Tommy was the only one of the three that could sense it. Of course, just because the humans couldn't actually feel the line, they were still very, very aware of where it was.

"Hello," Tubbo said, an unspoken question in his tone.

The guard looked them over, but seemed to mostly dismiss them as any threat. "You might want to go home, kids," she said.

"Is... is there something going on?" Tubbo asked.

"Turf war," she answered simply. "Between the Shadow and Nightshade covens."

Oh, fuck. A turf war? Between two of the four major covens in the city? Those were always bloody, and it was very possible the other two might get involved if one of the groups stepped into their territory during their spat. *That* must have been why Technoblade had been out and about the night before. Just his presence would have been a warning to any vampire to not even fucking try it. If they were stupid enough to not take the warning, it was their funeral. Historically, the Sleepy Coven's reaction to anyone touching their shit was ruthless obliteration. He quickly shoved down the thought that Tommy himself now qualified as 'their shit.'

"But the Sleepy Coven isn't part of it," Tubbo said.

The woman frowned at them. "You should probably still go home."

"Is that a suggestion or are the shopping districts actually closed off?"

"Kid..."

"I just got paid today," Tubbo said, playing up the I'm-a-poor-orphan-boy act. It wasn't actually a *lie*... it was just leaving a whole lot out. "We need food! What if it gets worse?"

The guard sighed. "My orders aren't to stop humans moving through," she admitted, "but you've been warned."

"We'll be careful," Tubbo promised, dragging a creature she was definitely supposed to be stopping from entering past her.

"Shit," Tommy said, shakily when they were out of earshot.

"We'll be fine," Tubbo soothed. "Unless they get involved, this is ironically probably the safest place right now."

Safe from the war sure, but all unattached vampires would have fled to the No-Man's land and were hiding away by now. The unattached were usually tolerated in the Sleepy Coven's territory assuming they didn't actually hunt there, but they would have fled the second Technoblade appeared around. No one wanted to get caught up in any possible conflict with Technoblade. So, vampires not in a coven would be scarce in these parts.

This was bad for the feeding Tommy situation. The usual strategy was to attract the attention of a covenless adult vampire around the market in the Sleepy Coven territory and lead them back out to the No-Man's land. They'd follow expecting an easy snack as soon as they were out of the coven's territory only to get a shock (literally). That wouldn't be working today. Which meant they were probably stuck with grabbing a straggler at the edges of one of the major covens. It wouldn't be the first time they'd done something like that, but it was always more of a risk. Vampires with covens had people looking for them even if they were not important members. Tommy and Tubbo had survived for so long by taking vampires that wouldn't be missed and making sure all evidence burnt away with the sun.

Tubbo threw and arm over Tommy's shoulder, a casual move for any humans watching, but the firm pressure against the back of his neck pulled every bit of Tommy's attention to Tubbo. "Calm down," he ordered.

Tommy sucked in a breath and leaned as much of his weight on the human that he could get away with while still walking.

"'Cooking supplies' first," Tubbo said. "Then food. Then home."

Tommy nodded as he was led down the street to a group of shops he'd never been into. He wouldn't be going into them today either.

"I'll be as quick as I can," Tubbo said. "Keep the scarf up and the hood down."

Tommy nodded.

"Tommy," Tubbo said. "Let go." Which was when Tommy realized his hands had a white-knuckled grip on Tubbo's shirt. He forced himself to let go. "Stay," Tubbo said, turning towards the nearest shop.

Tommy wanted to follow him but knew he couldn't. People weren't stupid. They might be pretty sure there were no witches in the city, but everyone knew what herbs could be used in both cooking and spellcasting. People buying these herbs were carefully scrutinized. The shops had magic detectors and just plain nosy people working there. Tommy trailing after Tubbo with a powerful charm on his neck would set off literally every alarm possible. So, unless Tommy wanted Tubbo to be burned at the stake and for hunters to figure out who he was and either kill him, use him for leverage, or just hand him over for favor with the Sleepy Coven, he would be staying outside.

At least Tubbo didn't tie him to a pole.

He had told him to 'stay' though. His throat burned a bit with agitation, resentment, and humiliation. He knew Tubbo probably didn't mean it that way. Probably. Maybe he did. Tommy had never mentioned anything about how he was feeling more and more like a frustrating pet Tubbo had inherited when his friend died.

Tommy wasn't a dog though, so he wasn't going to stay glued to the wall outside the shop entrance. Oh, he'd stay in sight of the door, of course. He wasn't stupid. He'd just walk around a bit and stretch his legs.

He wandered just a little bit down the road. Just to the corner of the block. Really, he did not go far at all, but it was far enough that he was in the path of a group of people who suddenly seemed to appear out of nowhere running down the street perpendicular to the one the shop was on. He felt himself get roughly grabbed before he could react.

Fuck. Maybe Tubbo should have tied him to a pole.

Chapter End Notes

Oh yay. Tommy got dragged into a fight... when tensions are high... in the territory of the people he's hiding from. I'm sure this will end really great for him.

Blood in the Water

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He knew before even taking a breath that the person who had grabbed was a vampire just by the temperature of the arm that latched around his waist and the hand at his throat. Contrary to some older legends, vampires were not always colder than humans, but their temperatures varied much more depending on the outside temperature and their activity levels. A vampire's temperature would fluctuate naturally between 25 and 45 degrees Celsius and one could survive more extreme temperatures. Vampires could literally freeze, and their bodies would just hibernate until they thawed out. Right now, the hand against his neck was burning warm to the touch, like a human with a fever that would send them to the ER. She must have been running for a while.

She either was too distracted to notice that he was far too cold for a human having been out in the cold and not doing much exercise for a while, or she just didn't spend enough time wrapping her entire body around a human to know the difference.

When he did take a breath, he knew immediately that she was from the Nightshade Coven. Each vampire had their natural smell, but in a healthy coven, they shared blood frequently enough that all of their scents would mix into a distinct profile. Tommy wasn't exactly around the different covens a lot, but they were each distinct enough for him to recognize which one this woman belonged to.

"Back off or I'll kill him," she barked at the people who'd been pursuing her. Tommy recognized the familiar emblem on the uniforms the four hunters wore. Fuck. Her claws were sharp at his neck, pressing in just a bit, but the scarier thing was that she pulled out a knife from near her waist which she held against his side.

It was clear what was happening. She thought he was a human, the hunters thought he was a human, and this was about to go down the tubes really quickly. There were literally a million ways this ended with Tommy dead.

The hunters could misstep and piss her off and she could gut him where he stood.

The hunters could notice his eyes were just a bit off, still blue, but a bit glowy and decide they didn't care about his safety and approach causing her to gut him.

She could realize he was a vampire and try to make an escape with him. Then she'd realize he was a fledgling and then whose fledgling and then he'd be dead or worse.

She could not realize he was a vampire and try to make an escape with him. Then she'd either kill him once away from the hunters or realize he was a fledgling later and hand him over.

Both the hunters and her could realize he was a vampire and she'd lose leverage and the hunters would attack them both and she'd either manage to escape with him or they'd both be slain.

...

Maybe he should stop thinking about all the countless ways he could die here and try to figure out if there was a way for him to live.

Maybe if... maybe if no one found out he was a vampire and the hunters killed her and he played small and helpless human until he could bolt...?

Or...

Nah, he really couldn't think of anything else. Play human and pray it was.

The hunters at least seemed to care even though he looked like a grubby street rat. That was nice of them. They wavered, unsure what to do a few meters away.

The vampire pulled him a step back. The leader of the hunters stepped forward to match her causing her to hiss. The knife cut his skin just a bit and he gasped more in shock than pain at the slight sting.

"Stay back," she said.

"Let the kid go," the hunter said. He advanced one more step.

Pain shot through him as she dug the knife a bit deeper and dammit, he *knew* the only way he was going to survive is if he convinced everyone he was human. He needed to go limp and helpless, hoping the situation resolved itself around him and no one looked at him too hard.

But.

But the stupid dumb vampire baby in his head felt pain and immediately did what all stupid dumb vampire babies did and dug his teeth into the hand near his face with a distressed hiss. The vampire jerked in surprise, and he felt the knife slice deeper into his side. Holy shit, this was the absolute worst reaction he could have. What the hell idiot baby??

"What the fuck!" she yelped, shocked. Blood hit his tongue and he bit harder, his jaw locking like those myths about pit bulls as she immediately tried to shake him off. His body hadn't prioritized strengthening his nails into claws like hers yet, but he still did his best to rip at the arm digging the knife into his side with his functionally human nails.

They eventually managed to rip themselves away from each other, but the problem of the other four members of this little party quickly made themselves know since he'd exposed himself. The standoff was, of course, done now that they knew Tommy was a vampire too. They split up so it was two vs 1s.

Now, hunters were trained to take down fully mature vampires. Fledglings, especially starving and already injured fledglings, pretty much stood no chance, but Tommy did have one advantage. He'd been trained for this. Well, he'd been trained on the other side of this, but he had training, nevertheless. He knew the steps to this dance. Muscle memory took over even with a body that often didn't feel like his anymore.

He'd trained for almost a year as a hunter, and he could have almost trick himself into thinking it was just a 2 on 1 friendly sparing match if he wasn't bleeding already and knew the fight would end with a hand up to the losing party instead of death.

Vampires were stronger and faster, so hunters relied on tricks and tools. Luckily for him, Tommy knew when to duck and roll from a net of hot metal. He knew when they'd go right even though they looked like they were going left. He knew the messages behind the tilted heads and hand motions between the team.

He honestly did well. They caught the vampire fairly quickly considering she was injured and confused, but Tommy managed to dodge. Yet, once the vampire died to a stake through the chest,

Tommy suddenly had four people on him instead of two.

He was slammed into the ground face-first and heard multiple things crack. Liquid pooled on the ground under him as something heavy pressed into his back and somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew the most terrifying thing about that was at least some of the liquid wasn't blood.

Something burning hot hit one of his wrists and he knew exactly what it was. It was a net that was superheated as it was fired so the metal would melt slightly. It was designed to burn into whatever it hit and cool quickly, so it was stuck to it. His brain worked fast, yanking his arm up and twisting so the metal cooled around just his wrist and hand instead of pinning him to the ground as intended. With them probably a bit shocked at the move, he managed to flip around onto his back, knocking one of the hunters off and sucker punched the guy leaning over him with the net gun with the still burning hot metal encrusted hand. The guy let out a pained scream, tumbling backwards.

'Yeah, and how do you think I feel, fucker,' he thought as the guy didn't stop screaming.

A kick was aimed at his side, more painful because it was directly on an old wound that he'd just barely managed to stop from bleeding again on his last feeding. He sprung up as the next kick came down, managing to grab the leg in an almost hug and bit the fucker above the knee. Instinct said to not let go once he bit, but instinct could fuck itself because there were two other hunters not out for the count yet and training said to use the fact that vampires usually got distracted when tasting blood. He yanked himself back from the bite and ended up with a stake in his shoulder. It was hawthorn wood too making the world start to tilt on its axis. He wondered if these hunters saw the irony of killing all magic users just to use fairy tended wood to kill vampires. Probably not. Tommy hadn't even known until Tubbo told him.

He landed back on the ground in a pool of his own blood with the stake still in his shoulder, lips already feeling numb. The hunter who had staked him the first time reached back into her pack, grabbing an identical instrument, but aiming this time at his heart.

Oh, fuck, he was going to die.

Yet, before it could plunge into his chest, a shadow fell over them both and the hunter was fucking, literally grabbed and tossed away.

Tommy didn't even need to look at the figure to know it was one from his nightmares, but he did anyway as Technoblade tore the hunters away from him as though they were baby chicks and not lethal, trained vampire hunters who'd been about to stake him through the heart.

This was worse.

Chapter End Notes

Time for some happy and healthy 2/4 isn't it?

A Gentle Bear Trap

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy wanted to get up. He wanted to run even though he was very aware that he wouldn't be getting anywhere. The pendant was smashed and Technoblade was stronger and faster than most vampires, let alone a weak and injured fledgling. He still wished he could try though. At least then he wouldn't just be laying there prone on the rough pavement waiting for Technoblade to finish with the hunters and turn his attention back to him.

Running wasn't an option though, not with the way Tommy's chest was tightening making it almost impossible to breathe. Was it the probably broken ribs? The magic drug working its way through his veins from the hawthorn wood? The panic? Did it matter? He felt like he was falling over despite the fact that he was on his back and numbness was crawling down his left arm from where the stake pierced his skin.

His eyes slipped closed against his will. A low ringing sound started and slowly built in his ears drowning out what was probably the death of the hunters. Should he feel bad about their deaths? They would have been his colleagues in another life. They'd tried to kill him in this one.

He drifted, suspended in inky blackness. The feeling of the pavement against his back and the pain of his injuries faded into a murmur of sensation leaving him with only the sound of the ringing in his ears as stimulus for an unknown amount of time before something touched his chest. He thought someone was probably saying something, but he couldn't make it out.

Then, white, searing pain tore through the foggy blackness in his mind. The pain felt almost good with the way that he could suddenly feel his arm again. He sucked in a painful breath, his eyes popping open.

The first thing he saw with his adrenaline sharpened vision was Technoblade's bright red eyes glowing in the darkness. He was holding Tommy down with one arm on his chest. The other hand was wrapped in the edges of his cloak gripping the bloodied stake he'd pulled out of Tommy's shoulder.

"Can you hear me?" Technoblade asked after a moment of Tommy staring at him and nothing else.

Tommy opened his mouth, but said nothing, just pulling in a shaky breath.

The older vampire frowned, and Tommy's eyes tracked a bit of loose pink hair that had escaped his long braid as it fell over his face. He was leaning closer. Something in Tommy calmed at the new closeness, recognizing Technoblade as safe, as family. It saw the arm still pinning him to the ground as a comfort, not as the bear trap closed around his ankle that he knew it was. His stomach flipped under the tangled desire to curl around the trap and ask it for comfort and the need to bite his own leg off. For once, his Tommy instincts overwhelmed the fledgling instincts. That was a bad thing.

He punched Technoblade square in the jaw with his more usable arm. Tommy's fist barely did anything at all. In fact, he was pretty sure it hurt him more than it did the person he'd punched. The only reaction Technoblade gave was his eyes narrowing before he dropped the stake to the ground with a clink. A hand wrapped around his wrist with a vise grip.

There was an icy moment of calm in which he considered a terrified Tommy, and then Tommy felt the entire world tilt on its axis. He gasped, black spiderwebs taking over his vision when Technoblade pulled him up from his position on the ground into a sitting position. His ears started to ring again, and he reached out with a whine for something to steady himself with. His fingers found something solid, and he gripped it tightly as the world spun wildly around him.

Eventually, things settled, and he was left panting, now sitting up and leaning against... he'd been settled against Technoblade's chest. He was sitting in his lap. Tommy's hands were gripping the arm holding him against the man. Technoblade gave him a moment, his fingers running through his hair with deceptive gentleness. Tommy's lips wobbled as the touch trailed down the side of his face.

A wrist was pressed against his mouth. "Drink," Technoblade said into his ear, and any lingering hope that he might just kill him here or better yet just let him die from his injuries instead of dragging him back to their sire withered away. Tommy kept his mouth shut. "Drink, now," he commanded, "or you're going to die." Tommy just stared forward with his mouth pressed closed. There was graffiti on the wall across from them. It was a blue, spray-painted dick. Technoblade let out a frustrated grunting sound and pulled the wrist away. Tommy felt him lean forward a bit as he brought the wrist to his own mouth briefly. When it was pressed back against Tommy's lips, it was wet with blood.

The need to open his mouth burned through him. The pain from his injuries sharpened with the solution right there literally under his nose. If he ate, he would heal. If he ate, he'd be worse than dead.

Technoblade was usually a patient man, but he was not tonight. "I will make you," he warned when Tommy didn't immediately bend to his tricks. Tommy shook his head, smearing blood across his cheeks. He whimpered when Technoblade shifted them, bringing the hand not at Tommy's mouth to his cheeks. He felt for the joint where Tommy's lower jaw met his skull and pressed hard. Blood hit Tommy's tongue when his mouth was forced open, and his teeth sunk into the wrist on instinct. He put up token resistance for a couple of seconds, refusing to swallow, but he knew there was no choice in this. Instinct had him swallowing and then swallowing again.

The hand forcing his mouth open gentled when he gave in, moving to cup his jaw as Tommy fed. Tommy's body warmed between getting the blood he so desperately needed and being held gently by someone his fledgling instincts identified as family no matter how wrong they were.

Tommy was used to stopping before he was actually full. It wasn't exactly easy to take down adult vampires and they had to do their best to stretch out the blood they were able to get. Technoblade, however, didn't pull his wrist away until Tommy literally didn't think he could swallow anything more.

Exhaustion crashed over him the moment he was fed. He wanted to sleep so badly. Technoblade's arms readjusted so he was cradling him rather than holding his face. Tommy felt almost unbearably warm, but he knew it was in the way that people dying of hypothermia felt warm. His mind screamed that this was safety, but it was danger. There was no love in the life-saving actions that had just taken place, just hate that wanted more than death from him. (They had proven that with his turning.) The gentle way Technoblade pulled him close to his chest and wrapped the edge of his cape around him was only cruelty.

And yet.

And yet, he could not keep his eyes open. He was tired and wounded and full. He turned his face into Technoblade's still chest; he smelled like a home that didn't exist.

He couldn't stay awake. So, he drifted off to sleep in a predator's arms.

Chapter End Notes

Look, I don't care if any of you appreciate it. There were some banger lines in this and I am going to be proud as hell of them.

Anyway, thanks for reading! We might be getting a little bit of another perspective next chapter considering our perspective character is currently unconscious.

Unanswered Questions

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade was rarely wrong. Wilbur would say that he only thought that because he was a pretentious asshole no matter how often he was proven right over their lifetimes. Or, well, that is what Wilbur would normally say, but recently... recently his responses to Technoblade's statements of fact were much harsher.

...

Okay, so, perhaps his statements of fact were not as factual as he had believed, but that was in no way his fault. Even now, holding a fucked up and unconscious, but ultimately alive fledgling in his arms, it was still very hard to believe he was wrong about this.

He and Wilbur had gotten into a major row the month before. It had been a year and a half, but Wilbur could not accept the fact that if they hadn't found the fledgling by now, he was certainly dead. Wilbur had thrown a fit when Techno had laid this out for him and stormed out of the house to go on his 'business trip' to another city which was really just him throwing darts at the world map hoping if he searched places at random, he'd be able to magically find someone who was already...

Well, he wasn't already dead, apparently.

Wilbur had returned home last week, and they'd barely spoken since. Technoblade had been content to be stubborn and let Wilbur get over it. He'd have to beg for forgiveness now, he thought with distaste, but that would come later.

Holding the fledgling with one arm, he reached into his pocket to grab his cell phone. "Phil, I need a car," he said as soon as his call was answered.

"Are you hurt?"

"*I'm not*," Techno said, eyes on the puddles of blood around him, "but we will need a medic. It's... not something I should explain over the phone."

It was more that Techno did not know how to explain what had happened and needed a few more minutes for his mind to process it before trying to explain it to anyone else, especially Phil. What did he say? He'd been walking around the downtown square on a casual patrol to make sure none of the idiots from the neighboring covens got rowdy in their territory during their little spat. He'd actually been thinking of going home soon when he'd caught an unexpected, but familiar scent on the wind. It had been faint at first, but had quickly sharpened with *fear, pain, dying*. Technoblade had been four streets over and murdering a hunter before he'd even clocked what was going on. Scratch that, he still hadn't clocked what was going on.

He gave Phil his location and assured him again that he was fine and then hung up.

He looked down at the fledgling, studying him as he waited. He looked... basically the same as he had the last time Technoblade had seen him. That was not a good thing. The circumstances of his turning had been a horrific mess leaving him weak and injured. Technoblade could perhaps write his

current state off as him being injured once more, but he could not write off the fact that he physically did not appear to have aged a day in the past year and a half.

Technoblade was all but a stranger to human aging at this point, but when the fledgling had been human, he'd always seemed to grow and change quickly from the 8-year-old Technoblade stumbled across on a dark street to the 13-year-old Wilbur had dragged home to Phil to the 15-year-old who went through the change far too young. Yet, this boy looked exactly the same despite being 17 now. Which meant, he hadn't been eating. At least, he hadn't been eating human food. Judging by the effects of the stake on him, he also hadn't been getting enough blood. Though, considering he was alive he had been getting some blood. The how of that was a puzzle Technoblade was having a lot of trouble putting together. The obvious answer was someone had fed him, either whoever had taken him in the first place or someone else. Yet, more than just knowing no one would *dare*, that explanation simply did not fit with what he could observe.

The fledgling smelled wrong. He smelled like dozens of people, but not in a cohesive way one might if they were sharing blood with an entire coven. He couldn't identify the source of a lot of it. There was the vague scent of all three other major covens in the city, but not nearly enough to indicate he'd fed from more than one of them at a time. Techno could still faintly smell Phil. The blood of a sire could be diluted out over time if swamped by repeated feedings from another vampire or coven. Eventually, it would get to the point where a scorned fledgling would appear to an unknowing party the child of their replacement sire. Yet, this fledgling, under the mask of dozens of other vampire's scents was still Phil's.

Phil.

Phil was going to go ballistic.

It would have been one thing for the fledgling to have replaced Phil as a sire. Phil would have still raged, of course, but it was an entirely different thing for the child to still be his but smell so wrong. It pissed Technoblade off somewhere beneath his current worry and confusion.

What had happened? Why did he smell like this? Where had he been? How was he here in their territory and how had Technoblade not realized until he was being murdered by hunters? How did he smell vaguely of covens that lived in this city? Had he been here the whole time? They had turned this city on its head looking for him in the first few months. How had they missed him?

Technoblade did not bother to voice any of his questions. There was no one awake to answer them. He just readjusted the fledgling so he could get a better look at his face.

He should probably stop refereeing to him only as 'the fledgling' in his head.

He reached down to touch Tommy's jaw. He had Technoblade's own smeared blood drying on his cheeks from where he'd refused to feed. That was another question that would need to be answered later. He put his hand on Tommy's chest. There was no heartbeat of course, but it would still rise and fall with breath. Something stabbed his hand when he pressed down. Confused, he reached for the collar of Tommy's shirt, finding he had a chain around his neck. That chain attached to the jagged edges of what had once been some sort of glass container. The leftover glass was wet with a liquid that strangely smelled of nothing despite its viscousness. Even water had a scent to a vampire. Perhaps it smelt a bit of garlic?

The car he'd asked for pulled up then. It would just be one more thing on the list of things to talk to Phil about. For now, he slipped the chain off of Tommy's neck and stored the broken glass in a thick pocket so it wouldn't cut the boy by accident. Lord knew he didn't need more injuries.

Chapter End Notes

And there is a little bit of a dip into Techno's head. He has no idea what is going on.

Staring Contest

Tommy woke to a horrible pain that felt like the skin of his arm was being peeled slowly off. He tried to wrench away from whatever was inflicting the sensation, but no matter how he pulled or squirmed, he wasn't able to get away. "Stop," a voice commanded, and his body went still. "Go back to sleep," and his mind obediently went blank as he passed out again.

Next, he woke starving. He could tell it must be the middle of the day by how his eyes drifted closed every other moment, but the hunger kept him from drifting back to sleep. Something touched his lips and he bit without thinking. A hand touched the back of his head. He didn't remember finishing feeding.

The third time he woke, he was hungry again, but not at much and it felt like night. He still felt exhausted though, like he'd run a marathon with no water and after not eating for a week. His arm burned where the net had hit, but flexing it, he could tell as some point the metal had been removed. The knife and stake wounds still stung and so did the reopened never quite able to heal bite on his side. His ribs still ached with each breath, but he could tell they were starting to patch themselves up.

He shifted around, noting that he was on a much softer surface than he was used to waking up on. He froze, full awareness slamming into him like a bowling ball to the gut. He stared at the pillow next to his face for a long moment before forcing himself to look up even though he already knew exactly who was there; he could feel the blood they shared humming in both of their veins.

Phil was watching him from a chair next to the bed, had probably been watching him for quite a while. Tommy would think he was a statue if he didn't know better, if instinct wasn't even now trying pull him into his orbit. It was stupid. He knew it was.

With Phil, Tommy was fairly sure it had always been a lie. With Technoblade it had probably been genuine when they first met even if it was in the way a hunter spared a baby deer: less out of sympathy and more out of logic. With... Tommy was unsure at what point the story that began with a stranger and his guitar on a roof had twisted, but he imagined it was before Tommy was introduced to his future sire.

When Tommy looked at Phil, the man unfolded himself from where he'd been sitting back in the chair. Tommy's eyes tracked him as he leaned forward and extended an arm, the long sleeves of the robe he was wearing slipping down to his elbow. Tommy stared at the offered wrist blankly for a few seconds. "I am not in a particularly patient mood today," he informed him. Tommy felt a chill go up his back, glancing up to meet his eyes. They bore into him, lighter than Technoblade's, almost edging on purple. If one looked at his face without his eyes, he was the picture of calm, but his eyes were ablaze. Tommy swallowed, eyes flickering away from his face and back to his wrist. He obediently opened his mouth, though even in his compliance, he made a point to bite the wrist in front of him far harder than was needed.

Phil didn't react as Tommy's teeth sliced his skin. Tommy could feel his eyes on him as he drank.

"Are you that hungry or just pissed?" he asked with a mild tone after a few moments. Tommy dug his teeth in harder. "I see." A cold hand trailed slowly up his back leaving goosebumps in its wake. Tommy imagined his muscles were as hard as rocks by the time it came to rest on his shoulder. Fingers idly began to trace soft circles into his shoulder blades. "It seems we are in agreement on that then."

Tommy pulled away once he was full and went to sit back, but the hand still on his back didn't allow this. Phil retracted the wrist he'd been using to feed Tommy and wiped it off on a dark cloth sitting on his lap. The wound was already healed by the time he was finished despite Tommy's overzealousness. He picked up the cloth once his wrist was cleaned and folded it once before moving it toward Tommy's face. He cleaned the blood off from around Tommy's mouth with the silky soft fabric. Then, he put a thumb under Tommy's chin and raised it so they were looking in one another's eyes.

"You know," he said, his fingers fanning out to brush his cheek, "we'd assumed you'd been kidnapped, but I'm starting to get the impression that we might have a runaway on our hands." They stared at each other for a moment. Phil was clearly waiting for an answer. Tommy decided to give him one; he spat the fucker's own blood in his face. Phil didn't flinch. He didn't even move to wipe it away. "Well, that's a bit wasteful, don't you think? You're clearly starving after all. Though," he tilted his head curiously, "not as starving as I would have thought."

Tommy said nothing. He owed him nothing. He didn't even know this man, not really.

Phil waited for a long time before finally speaking. "Would you care to explain what happened?"

Tommy kept his face blank.

"We aren't going to get anywhere if you don't speak with me."

They would, actually. He was sure he'd eventually get impatient when Tommy didn't answer him. Tommy had no idea where that line was of course, but he'd been very patient as a liar.

The minutes ticked by agonizingly slowly, but Tommy had nothing to say.

Phil shifted once more, and Tommy tensed; a chain was pulled out of the man's pocket. "What is this?" he asked. He was holding the smashed remains of the charm that had kept Tommy hidden for so long. "Well, perhaps that is the wrong question," Phil continued. "This is obviously a protection charm meant to hide the wearer from something, but it's one I've never seen. It's reminiscent of a very old potion that I haven't seen in a long time, but also very different. Where did you get it?"

Tommy met his eyes and then pointedly let his gaze drift over his shoulder.

"The style reminds me of the Aumerle family line of witches," Tommy couldn't help a sharp intake a breath and Phil clearly latched onto that, "but I was under the impression they were all dead."

They were. Sort of. His mind flashed back to an older woman with a gentle voice and a soft spot for children. He and Tubbo would nick sweets from the jars in her candy store, daring each other to be more and more bold with their exploits until her head would whip around and catch one of them with their hand in a jar, more amused than angry. They'd skuttle off to hide on the opposite end of the store in the play area for younger children or behind the counter with the fudge display or even sometimes in the back room.

Her name had been Mabel and she'd found Tubbo in her shed during one of the coldest winters on record when they were 10. She'd let him stay, letting him come in and out of her store as he pleased and giving him a space heater for the shed (the same type Tubbo had made for them in the storage unit). She would have probably given him a room in the apartment above her shop, but she'd known if the day ever came (and it had) when she was found out, a homeless child squatting in her unused shed was in much less danger than a child with his own room in her home.

Tubbo had been orphaned twice before Tommy had been orphaned the once.

Tommy probably should have guessed then that she'd taught him her magic, but he'd never known until Tubbo found him weak and terrified on the kitchen floor of their old home and had decided to risk himself in every way to help him.

"They are all dead," Tommy finally said.

Phil considered him. "This was renewed a week ago."

Tommy again chose not to speak.

"Who gave this to you?" The question hung in the air. One of Phil's hands was still on his back and the other was pressed against the side of his face, keeping him at just the right distance to be uncomfortable in two different ways. He was unnaturally still in a way Tommy was still far too human to be, but Tommy was practiced at sitting staring at a blank wall for hours on end which was basically what his sire was right now, so even though he shifted minutely every so often, he was still able to return Phil's stare.

Tommy wasn't sure if he won the staring contest or if there was just some unknown signal that finally cued Phil to break his gaze. "You need food," he said, rising to his feet. He looked back at Tommy with his hand on the doorknob. "I'd highly suggest you stay in that bed."

The door closed behind him.

Beef Soup for the Soul

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy curled his arms around himself once the door closed, debating if it was safer to try to sneak off now or be obedient for the moment and stay in the bed. Of course, he was exhausted and had no idea how long Phil would be gone, so ultimately decided that compliance was best for now.

Both Tommy and the fledgling instincts hated this bed, though for slightly different reasons. It was easy to tell they were brand new sheets. They didn't even smell of the detergent that lingered on Phil and Technoblade's clothing, let alone like any of them. After being apart from them for so long, it felt like a particularly cruel timeout to the toddler vampire in his head that just wanted to be held. Of course, logically he knew it was worse than a punishment. It was a harsh reminder that while Phil might be his sire biologically, Tommy was not welcomed among them. He'd been rejected before they'd even turned him and scorned as soon as they had.

He would much rather have the pile of blankets on the storage container floor. At least they smelled like Tubbo. He wanted Tubbo. He and the baby in his head both agreed on that at least.

Phil was back a few minutes later and the baby was at least satisfied with that even though Tommy was not. He had a tray with a bowl on it when he entered. "Broth," he explained. Tommy took it automatically when it was offered to him. "You're a little weak for real food at the moment, so it'll do."

Tommy stared down at the bowl of broth knowing exactly who had made it. Tommy had been taught the recipe for it years ago. Well, more accurately he was taught to make soup, but making the broth had been the first step of that.

The first time he'd invited a vampire into his home had been a little less than a month after his parents' tragic "accident." His aunt had become his guardian, but they'd barely known each other as she spent most of her life traveling. She'd let him stay in the two-bedroom condo he'd grown up in when he'd asked. She'd planned to hire him a nanny anyway, and it hadn't matter to her if he continued to live in the city instead of moving to her regularly empty mansion. She'd bought the condo under his for a caretaker to live in. The man would come upstairs and cook him meals, drive him places he needed to go, and decide if he should be allowed the extra pocket change to buy what he wanted.

Other than that, Tommy barely saw him. He was functionally living alone at the age of 13. Though, he'd manage to convince Tubno to move in full time after a few months.

That first month though, he'd been lonely, cracked open, and helplessly malleable. Despite protests that he was well fed, and it wasn't needed, the soup had been deemed a necessity. He'd been so starved for any type of attention, let alone the soft and gentle kind, that he'd given in easily. It had taken a whole 24 hours to make. He'd been dragged to a grocery store before morning light to grab the ingredients not already stocked in the fridge. They'd worked through the day with the shades pulled over the windows in the too empty condo listening to music or watching movies depending on where they were in the cooking process. It had given Tommy's mind something to focus on instead of his grief and company to sooth the loneliness.

It had been a horribly wonderful day. The recipe was old and allegedly the only gift a mother had ever given her children in her disinterest towards them. And even then, it had only been so she didn't have

to make it for the sickly one all of the time. Tommy wondered if the story was true or just purposeful malicious foreshadowing.

Tommy knew what the broth tasted like, having been given tastes through the process. He wondered if it tasted the same now that he'd been changed.

He decided he didn't want to know. He looked up at Phil, slipped his hands under the edges of the tray and flipped it, spewing the burning hot liquid all over his sire's front.

Tommy almost laughed at the way his indifferent facade cracked into a dumbfounded expression for a moment before turning dark. Tommy expected to die right then and there, and the expectation was almost a relief.

Phil sucked in a slow breath and let it out.

"Okay," he said simply and turned to leave through the door.

...

Oh fuck.

Oh fuck. That was a horrible move. He may have just thought he was okay with dying in the moment, but he didn't actually want to. Plus, he was pretty sure he'd just have been killed on the spot if death was on the table. So, all he'd done was just royally piss off a man who'd probably tortured more people than Tommy had ever met. He needed to get the fuck away right now. He scrambled to the side of the bed and slid off.

His legs immediately crumpled under him. Thankfully, he'd had the foresight not to get off on the same side as the broken bowl or he'd be laying in shattered porcelain.

He needed to get up. He had to get up, but his limbs didn't want to work with him. He managed to flip himself onto his back so he wasn't laying on the majority of his wounds, but that was pretty much all he could do.

The door opened again after a few minutes. The footsteps paused and Tommy cringed. Yay. Now he was helpless and had obviously tried to escape. He heard something being set down and then more footsteps. A shadow fell over him and Tommy stared up at Technoblade's unamused face for a few anxiety inducing moments.

The vampire sighed and bent down, easily scooping him up and plopping him back onto the bed. "Getting up is probably not an advisable move right now for multiple reasons," he warned, his blood red eyes burning into him from only centimeters away. Tommy hissed at him, baring his fangs, and Technoblade raised one skeptical eyebrow, clearly less than impressed. The hiss trailed off under his scrutiny. "Alright," he said, leaning back. "Let's try this again." He walked around to the opposite side of the bed. There was a tray with yet another bowl on a table there. He picked it up and stepped over the remains of the last bowl to set it in Tommy's lap.

Tommy blinked at the bowl for a moment.

"Try it again," Technoblade invited, taking a seat in the chair Phil had used earlier. "I dare you."

Tommy looked at him. He seemed almost amused as though waiting for a prized pet to do a trick.

"You will be eating the broth," he said with a shrug, "but there will be no illusion of choice with the third serving."

Tommy swallowed at that threat and turned his attention to the broth. He eyed it warily.

"It won't bite you," Technoblade said. It already had, Tommy thought. "Quite the opposite, really."

"Not hungry," Tommy tried weakly.

"That's a lie," Technoblade said.

"And how would you know, bitch?"

"You have an open bite wound from before you were turned. From a year and a half ago. You've clearly tried to sew it up multiple times. Whatever blood you've been getting has kept it from killing you, but you need human food to heal more quickly. You've obviously not been getting it."

"I don't want it."

"Eat the broth, Tommy." His tone had been relatively light up until this point, but it hardened now. Tommy bit his lip and picked up the spoon.

He was surprised that it tasted exactly the same as it had when he was human. Most human food tasted weird, but this didn't. It made him want to throw it up. Yet, his body betrayed him once again. His stomach roared to life with a vengeance, and he found himself shoveling it into his mouth as quickly as one could with very hot broth. The bowl was empty in only a few minutes.

Techno took the bowl away once he'd finished it off. "See, that wasn't that bad," he said, but it was. Tommy burst into tears.

"Oh," Technoblade said as Tommy bent over double and sobbed. "Was... the broth too hot?"

Was the fucking...? Tommy laughed hysterically, the sound mixing with his crying until you couldn't tell which was which.

A hand touched his shoulder blade and he hated it, but he also leaned into it. His body drooped towards the man until his upper half was awkwardly being held against Technoblade's chest.

"I... what do you need from me?" he asked after a moment.

"I need you to get the fuck away from me," Tommy growled through tears.

"Uh..."

Tommy forced himself to yank away from the touch, flopping onto the bed and curling into a little ball facing away from him.

There was nothing for a long moment and then he heard Technoblade rise. Tommy didn't watch him, but he could guess by the sounds that he was cleaning up the broken bowl and spilled soup.

"Don't try to run," he said from somewhere near Tommy's head. He heard a soft clank as Technoblade likely picked up the tray and intact bowl. A few moments later, the door opened and closed.

Chapter End Notes

Look, sometimes as a parent you just have to say "okay" and leave the room to cool off before you commit filicide. (I could... totally make a pun with that, but I was afraid some people wouldn't know the word filicide and wouldn't understand if I called it Philicide. Anyway...)

Closed Door Lead to Time Travel

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade found no other members of his coven on his trip to the kitchen with the dirty bowl. This was odd considering that Phil had been hovering over everyone since Technoblade had brought Tommy home, and Wilbur had been holed up in the kitchen indulging in coping mechanisms while refusing to leave the last Techno had known. He could tell everyone was still somewhere within the house, but he wasn't sure of their exact locations besides Tommy, of course, who wouldn't be moving from the bed anytime soon. Or perhaps, he would be seeing as he was even more stubborn than Techno remembered, but he wouldn't get very far, and even if he did, they'd learned from last time and put the equivalent of magical child safety locks on everything.

He decided to give the fledgling a little more space and go update Phil. As he left the more 'human' areas of the household with things like the kitchen and more human styled bedrooms, the floorplan became less straight hallways and square rooms and more of a spiraling maze. Vampire had different family structures and social conventions than modern humans and their living spaces reflected this. Most vampires would build their homes with the most communal areas in the center surrounded by rooms for people to retreat to for different levels of privacy when desired. That in connection with Phil's eye for architecture meant their home seemed a bit ludicrous from an outsider's perspective. Not that many outsiders saw more than the entryway.

In fact, it had once been described as 'the fucking trippiest shit I've ever seen. Like, seriously, is the point to get people lost forever like in that one story with the men-ee-tar?' by a human child Wilbur had decided to let loose in their home for some reason and promptly lost. Said child had somehow managed to break into some of Technoblade's private chambers, but then also somehow managed to find a button that sealed the entrance he came in through without realizing it. This meant he ended up trapped in five rooms frustrated because none of the doors led to 'out.' Technoblade had eventually found him in a closet, surprising both of them because Technoblade had not been told that a child had been brought into their home. That had been the second time he'd met Tommy.

Techno maneuvered towards the area of the home that belonged mostly to Phil, navigating through different rooms without issues even though there were no hallways or clear markings and many paths led to dead ends. Every room had a purpose and the doors that connected them did so for a logical reason and once one understood that it was easy to move through.

He came upon Phil after a few minutes of searching. He was standing in an anteroom that connected the study Phil usually worked in and a small sitting room. Both were locations that everyone was usually allowed in unless the doors were closed but were ultimately more Phil's space than anything else.

The older vampire was currently leaning against the wall outside the closed door of his study. His eyes were closed, and he looked almost like he was meditating.

Technoblade paused, weighing the consequences of disturbing him versus leaving him to it. On one hand, Phil hadn't really stood still in a couple of days and while he was standing, this was the most Techno had seen him at rest in a while. He'd twisted himself up into all types of knots over Tommy which Technoblade had expected, but it had only gotten worse when he'd figured out the use of Tommy's broken necklace. Its existence and the fact that he seemed to have consented to wearing it had some unexpected and upsetting implications. Combined with the fact that Tommy was injured,

starving, and smelled like he'd been touched by every other vampire in the city in the past few months, it was a cocktail for irrational emotions in a sire.

The man normally had the patience of a god and had for the entire time Technoblade had known him. So, it had been a bit of a surprise when he'd gotten snippy with the medic they'd called in to heal Tommy. Techno had legitimately worried he might need to physically restrain his sire when the medic touched the fledgling. In the end he *hadn't* because it was *Phil*, but Techno was morbidly curious about what would have happened with any other sire in the same position. Personally, Techno had no interest in siring anyone ever. It looked far too stressful.

Yet, even though Phil had been stressed, and if Technoblade was that stressed he would prefer to retreat from everyone, Phil normally was a talker. He might want to talk about what was going on and would prefer to be disturbed rather than left alone. Then again, he wasn't quite acting like normal Phil.

"Hello," Techno finally settled on saying softly.

"Hello, Technoblade," he said, not opening his eyes. He seemed calm, but there was a dangerous undercut to his tone, "my one and only child. Are you also going to throw a tantrum at me today?"

...

Only child, huh?

"No," Techno replied, careful to keep his tone light, "I'm the good one, remember?"

"Yes. That has been made abundantly clear today."

Techno tilted his head. He looked at Phil. He looked at the door Phil was standing beside. Oddly, music was playing from beyond the door. "Are you..." he asked, "locked out of your own study?"

Phil opened his eyes and flashed him a smile that had far too much fang to be genuine. "Oh," he said. "On accident, I'm sure." The music behind the door suddenly grew just slightly louder and the smile dropped into a grimace. "We are ignoring that for the sake of my own sanity," Phil informed him.

Techno glanced between the door and him. "Can I do anything to help?"

He hummed lightly. "You could find a way to travel back in time a few centuries and warn past me off of biting *diseased humans*," he raised his voice on the last two words, and in response, the music was suddenly cranked much louder, "because they lead to nothing but strife."

"Ah, but then you wouldn't have met me," Techno pointing out, still trying to keep his tone light in hopes it would lighten the conversation as a whole. He had to raise his voice in order to not get drowned out by the music.

Phil waved off his statement. "You would have shown up at my doorstep regardless. I'm sure we would have figured it out on our own." They really, really wouldn't have. Yet, Technoblade's past mindset was not the point of this conversation.

"The music is giving me a headache," Techno grumbled, and it wasn't exactly a lie. It was loud. "Why don't we go into the other room?"

Phil looked at the door, because despite whatever he said, he was helplessly weak for his firstborn. Yet, he didn't resist when Technoblade took his shoulder and pushed him towards the sitting room,

closing the door behind them which muffled the music a bit more. He nudged Phil onto the small couch and sat beside him.

“Give him a few minutes,” Techno said. Wilbur fed off of attention more than he did blood and, Phil was prone to giving it to him even when it was ill-advised to do so. Techno would bet Wilbur was already getting bored now that they weren’t hovering outside of the door. “What happened?” he asked, nodding at the closed sitting room door.

“Who knows,” Phil replied. “Apparently, for some godforsaken reason, soup is a hot button issue in this household.”

“Mmm, I did notice that, yes.”

Phil’s eyes flickered to him, and he looked even more tired than he had the past couple of days. “Did he at least eat?”

“He did,” Techno replied, “but then he had a meltdown about it.”

“About the *broth*?”

Technoblade shrugged. “He finished off the bowl and immediately started to sob.”

“*Why*?”

“You’re the one who understands *people*, Phil.”

Phil snorted a bit but shook his head. “I don’t understand this.”

And, well, like Technoblade said, he didn’t understand people, so he didn’t know what to say to that, and they just sat in silence.

Within the silence, the sound of a door unlocking was heard. Phil sighed. “If only the other one was that simple.”

Chapter End Notes

You know that one scene in Lilo and Stitch where Nani was trying to get Lilo to open the door to the house while Lilo laid on the floor playing "Heartbreak Hotel" and turned it louder to ignore her. That is what is happening in this chapter.

Wound Care Old and New

Chapter Notes

Warning: This chapter has a panic attack in it due to ptsd related to past torture. I've added tags about it, but they hadn't been there before so I thought I'd put a warning here for current readers just clicking on the newest chapter.

On a lighter note, I have decided vampires can purr and you cannot stop me.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil returned far too soon for Tommy's liking after Technoblade left. He'd changed out of his soup covered outfit. His mouth did not bring up the broth incident, but his eyes did. Tommy glared back at him in response.

"I need to redress your wounds," he informed Tommy. He had not taken a seat and was currently looming over Tommy's seated form which did not bode well.

Tommy continued to glare at him defiantly and shook his head.

"It is not a negotiation," Phil informed him evenly.

Tommy looked up at him and bared his fangs.

Phil clearly willfully misinterpreted the message Tommy was trying to convey. "I see that you're hungry. I'll feed you once I've finished, but the wound care comes first right now." A hand was shoving Tommy down onto his back in the next moment. He tried to wiggle away, but he wasn't going anywhere. Phil was a lot stronger than him on a good day let alone now. The older vampire waited patiently until Tommy gave in with one last petulant hiss, going limp onto the bed.

Phil removed his hand, but his gaze still worked to pin Tommy down. Tommy turned his head away to glare at the wall instead of looking at him. He heard Phil digging through the drawer of the nightstand next to the bed. Tommy listened to him but didn't respond as he explained shortly every time what he was doing before actually moving to do so.

He unwrapped and applied something to the inflamed skin around where the stake had gone in, explaining that it was a cream designed to help negate any lingering effects from the hawthorn wood. Tommy could tell it was some sort of magic, but not quite like Tubbo's. It soothed some of the burning pain that was around the wound leaving a cool tingle that had Tommy relaxing into the bed a bit.

Next, some sort of bruise cream was gently rubbed into his nose. His body was already working on healing the broken bone in his nose bridge and the fractured cartilage, but the bruising wasn't a priority at the moment. The cream was also applied to a few more places on his face and on his torso.

Tommy was unwillingly like a puddle by the time he was finished with that, unable to resist calming under careful touches that brought pain relief no matter the source of said touches.

He allowed his head to go all fuzzy and tired as Phil fussed over some non-hawthorn wood inflicted cuts and scrapes including putting a healing salve Tommy didn't bother to listen to the function of on the knife wound. Whatever it was numbed the worst of the pain and he barely even felt anything as it was rebandaged.

Everything was pleasant and floaty until fingers ghosted over a well known mark that was no longer an open wound.

Tommy remained frozen still, his face still facing away as Phil touched a bite scar on his upper arm. His fingers were gentle as they traced the blemish, but Tommy's mind was sent racing. All of his attention pinpointed on where his skin was being touched even while he carefully shoved every emotion he had down hard to keep from reacting.

Touching and tending to Tommy's current wounds was one thing. Tommy wasn't 100% okay with it, but he distantly understood the necessity and even appreciated the relief from the constant pain he'd had since waking. *This* was not needed. That bite mark had been healed for over a year. The touch moved after a few moments to a different bite scar high on his torso and Tommy held back a flinch. He twitched just barely when he moved on to the third. This was not medical care. It did not feel necessary. It felt a whole lot more like gloating.

He forced himself not to react or give into the increasing spikes of revulsion as his mind starting spinning. His chest felt tighter the longer it went on, flashes of memories trying to drag him back in time until it felt like he was on a firm table instead of a soft mattress. He didn't remember getting most of the scars that littered his body. Most of it had been a blur of indistinct pain and he hadn't even been able to watch since there had been a metal restraint pinning his neck down to the table.

Phil's attention inevitably turned to the one bite mark that wasn't a scar even after all of this time. That one, Tommy did remember getting. It had kicked off the start of the horrible burning that felt like it had lasted (it could have actually lasted considering the timeframe, but he had no way of knowing) days. It had only finally stopped when Phil's face had appeared above his still tied down form only for him to feel the familiar sensation of yet another vampire bite on his neck that had burned even worse until he'd finally fallen unconscious. He'd woken up a vampire. The changing bite had been the only one that had healed fully without scaring since the others had all happened pre-change.

The thing that drew Tommy's attention back to the present was an unhappy huff of breath from Phil that edged on a growl. Tommy had barely been holding his emotions back and they exploded sharply outwards at that sound.

He sprang up into a sitting position suddenly and snapped his teeth down onto the already retreating hand. The bite was sharp and quick enough that he didn't even have time to taste blood before withdrawing if he'd broken skin at all. He hit the ground hard as he fled the bed. It was a stupid move. There was nowhere to go. He was trapped in this house, in this room, in his own injured body, and most of the way in his own head. He curled himself into a helpless little ball on the floor.

He heard footsteps, but his only reaction was to just stop breathing altogether as he tucked his face into his knees. Nothing happened for a long while even when the footsteps stopped. At least, nothing happened physically. In his own head, quite a few things were happening.

An unfamiliar sound pulled his attention away from his spiraling thoughts quite suddenly almost like his mind had stalled out. Confused, Tommy pulled his head out of the cradle of his knees, taking a short breath as he did so. He looked around for the source of the noise and his eyes locked on Phil who had come to kneel next to him. He was close enough to touch, but his hands were carefully at his side.

After a moment, it became clear that he was the source of the strange noise. Did... did vampires purr? The answer was apparently yes. It wasn't quite a cat purr. It was a bit more wooshy and had a light hum to it.

The dumb baby vampire *really* liked it.

Tommy found himself continuing to breathe, and his breaths started to get longer and more even. The grip he had on his knees loosened until he could actually feel his fingertips again.

Phil didn't say anything or try to touch him, but just sat watching him intently and making that purring sound as Tommy regained awareness of his own body. He was in a lot of pain. In his panic, he'd apparently thought it was best to lay directly on the open bite wound that had set this off. Once Tommy fully realized this, he moved to shove himself into a sitting position.

Phil kept up the sound for a while even after Tommy had wrestled himself under control. At first, he wanted to keep his gaze averted, but he couldn't help but stare at the vampire. He couldn't quite tell where the sound came from or how it was made, but he did know it was a nice sound. Tommy and fledgling bled together at the edges in that opinion. It felt like his sire had reached into his chest and removed the worst of the panic that had been sitting there.

Tommy was aware in the abstract how much influence sires had over the vampires they turned. Said influence would loosen over time until it was basically nothing, but for a fledgling a sire could have all but total control for a short amount of time. Tommy had ran before ever experiencing any will bending the first time. This was definitely not the worst he could do. Whatever was pulling Tommy into calm warmth wasn't iron fisted, but more of a suggestion. He could probably throw it off if he didn't feel so wrecked. Still, the fact that he could do even just this would have been enough to send Tommy into a panic if he had the ability to feel panicked right now.

As it was, it was nice. He continued to just watch Phil and listen to the purring like sound for a couple of minutes, not quite in a daze, but not 100% there.

"No one's done that for you before, huh?" Phil finally asked. His lips turned down into a small frown. Tommy just blinked at him. Ever so slowly, Phil started to lean closer, returning to making the sound again after he'd stopped to speak. Despite everything, Tommy managed to tense up a bit, watching him warily, but the older vampire was careful to keep his hands resting above his own knees. Only his head and the top part of his torso leaned into Tommy's space. He tilted slightly to the left and the pleasant sound was suddenly humming right in Tommy's ear. He bumped their cheeks together softly which was fucking weird, but also soothed some of the most anxious parts of him.

Sitting upright started to get harder and harder and Tommy's eyes started fluttering shut of their own accord. He could feel himself crashing as exhaustion from the recent events snuck up on him.

"I'm going to pick you up and put you back in the bed now." Phil warned him. "Is that alright?"

Tommy nodded. Arms were wrapping around him the next moment. His eyes shuttered for good as the purring began again. Phil attempted to put him down on the mattress once reaching the bed, but Tommy's exhausted and foggy brain was no match for the clingy instincts he housed. His limbs refused to let Phil go. Phil was strong enough to rip the arms around his neck away, but he didn't. Instead, he just sighed and sat on the bed with Tommy in his arms.

"Go to sleep," Phil said once settled. Tommy felt a hand rub up and down his spine. He shook his head in denial, nose rubbing against Phil's shoulder. "I don't think your body's giving you much of a choice, mate," Phil pointed out. "Don't fight it."

He whined, anxiety over where he was and who he was with piercing through the fog of exhaustion for a moment, but he never was able to open his eyes again.

“Hush,” Phil said. The comforter was grabbed from the bed and pulled over them both. The purring started up once more and the anxiety slipped from Tommy’s grasping fingers leaving him helpless to sleep and helpless to his sire. He was lulled into unconsciousness by the promise of being held for a bit longer.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

A Single Oreo

Chapter Notes

This story is supposed to have short chapters. Why are you doing this, me???

Sometime later, Tommy distantly heard a door open. He squirmed a bit and a hand rubbed his back soothingly. He stilled, sighing softly against the shoulder his head was propped up on.

“Everything alright?” a voice asked. Technoblade, Tommy identified.

“We’re fine,” Phil’s voice rumbled through Tommy’s own chest.

“S’been a couple hours. Wanted to make sure he didn’t figure out a way to stake you.”

“There’s no wood in the house, Tech.”

Tommy could hear footsteps moving closer. The body currently holding Tommy had cooled below what was normal for humas after being idle for so long, but the hand the touched the back of his head was warm. “I wouldn’t underestimate this one, Phil.” The hand left after a moment, and something lurched in Tommy’s chest at the loss. “It’s morning.” Oh, that’s why Tommy felt so sluggish, though he was probably more awake than they realized considering how often he was forced to be awake during the day the last year and a half. “Why don’t you go get some sleep? I’ll watch him.”

The arms holding Tommy tightened a bit.

“You haven’t slept in days, Phil,” Technoblade reasoned. “He’s a fledgling. It’s not like he’ll be able to keep his eyes open for the next few hours, and you trust me, yeah?”

Phil’s huff puffed through Tommy’s hair. “Let me try to feed him again first,” he said. Then, Tommy was being shifted around. He grumbled unhappily at the movement. “Hey, Toms,” Phil said. “Can you wake up a bit for me?”

Tommy hissed softly, peeling his eyes open to glare at him.

“I know,” Phil chuckled, “you can go back to sleep in a minute, but we’ve got to keep you well fed right now. Aren’t you hungry?”

He hissed again, but the sound cut off when Phil’s wrist was pressed to his lips. He was too tired to push away instinct right now and willingly bit down. The combination of the sun and the feeding made his head go even fuzzier than it already was.

He must have fallen back asleep because the next thing he knew, he was on his back instead of being held in Phil’s lap. The baby brain was instantly throwing a fucking tantrum. The clawing need for attention had been indulged for a moment and now having nothing hurt so much worse. Fuck. Tommy bit down hard on his lower lip but could feel his eyes well with tears he was just barely able to force back. He drew in a couple of shaky breaths.

His internal clock said it was probably afternoon by now, so he'd been asleep for a few hours. Shoving away his need to fall back asleep, he propped himself up on his elbows and looked around. His eyes immediately locked with Technoblade's bright red ones.

Technoblade looked tired too, Tommy noted. He was far from a fledgling, but he still was supposed to be asleep at this hour. Instead, he'd apparently been reading whatever book was open on his lap.

"Uh," he said, eyes wide on Tommy. He looked almost concerned. "You're supposed to be sleeping right now."

Tommy looked away, moving to lay back down on his side, facing away from the adult vampire. He didn't think he'd be sleeping again even though his body desperately craved it. He didn't want to sleep, and he was used to being awake at this hour anyway. Tubbo usually left right about now, and Tommy never was able to sleep through the afternoon without Tubbo.

He missed Tubbo.

There were a couple of seconds of awkward silence. "You're crying," Technoblade observed. There was just the slightest amount of panic to the statement that someone who knew him less would miss.

Dammit. The tears had started to leak with thoughts of Tubbo. "What's it to you?" he snapped, wiping away the tears on the edge of his sheet.

"Do you... need something?"

"No."

"More blankets?"

"Fuck off."

"Is it your wounds? Phil told me what he gave you before he left. I could find something for the pain if it's still bad."

Tommy pulled his hand out from the blankets and flipped him off.

"Do you need food?"

"Force feed me again and I'll bite through your wrist," Tommy hissed.

"You were going to die."

"And you couldn't have just let that happen," Tommy said darkly.

"No, I couldn't have."

One second. Two.

Tommy was suddenly blinded as dark fabric fell over his head. "I'm not a fucking parakeet," he grumbled, but felt far too drained to remove it. He knew exactly what the fabric was. Tossing it over Tommy's head was not an unknown technique for Technoblade. Really, it was his default.

The first time Tommy had ever ended up under Technoblade's cape, he'd been 8 years old.

His parents hadn't been bad parents, but they'd been busy. They worked for a construction company that ran day and night jobs. It had paid well, but the jobs were difficult and had unpredictable hours. As a result, Tommy was often left alone to roam from a young age. The area he'd grown up in was relatively safe during the day and night. People did not go missing off the streets as much as they did in other places. Yet, he'd still known to be home before dark even then.

Yet, despite this, one day, he'd gotten distracted playing with his new friend Tubbo in a park. He'd still made a point to leave with enough time to get home before sunset, but he hadn't been as familiar with the path home as he'd thought he'd been. He'd gotten lost.

When night came, he'd ended up even more lost.

It had been terrifying. He knew what happened to people in the dark. He'd already been crying by the time a man appeared in front of him. "Hello, little one, are you lost?" the man had asked. His voice had been very soft and gentle. His eyes had been green, and his mouth had not opened wide. Yet, Tommy was not stupid, not even that young. He'd taken a step back.

"Uh, no, sir," he'd said. The man had taken a step towards him as Tommy took one back, and Tommy had recognized something in it as predatory. "My Dad's right around that corner."

It had been an obvious lie. No one was around whatever area Tommy had wandered into. "Well, why don't I take you to him?" the man had suggested.

Tommy had shaken his head, continuing to back up. "No, thank you," he'd replied.

He'd smiled then, notably closed lipped. "I insist."

He'd reached out to grab Tommy, and Tommy had scrambled back a couple more steps. To his shock, he'd smacked into something solid and warm. Nothing had been there a moment before. An arm had appeared in his vision as a piece of red fabric was wrapped around him, obscuring him mostly from view.

"Hello," a new voice had said from right behind Tommy. Tommy had to crane his neck around to look at the person speaking. Now, Tommy had been pretty sure the man who'd approached him was a vampire, but he'd been certain the man holding him was.

Tommy's first impression of Technoblade had been that he was terrifying with his braided pink hair and the scar that cut across one eye. He hadn't bothered to hide his eye color (Tommy would later learn he couldn't hide it in his damaged eye) nor had he hidden his fangs when he spoke. His bright red eyes had fixed hauntingly on the man that had stood in front of them.

"Visiting the city?" he'd asked, almost casually, but the danger in his tone had been clear.

The glamour had faded from the eyes of the vampire in front of them. He'd looked suddenly very nervous. "I am, yes."

"You aren't anymore," Technoblade had informed him coolly. "If I sense even a trace of you in our borders half an hour from now, *I* will be hunting *you*."

The other vampire had nodded mutely, eyes wide and terrified. He'd backed away and then bolted. Technoblade's eyes had followed him long past when he'd disappeared from Tommy's sight.

Only when he'd seemed satisfied the vampire was far enough away, had he turned his eyes to Tommy.

“Hi,” Tommy had said, nervously. “Um, did you just save me, or are you going to eat me now?”

Technoblade had tilted his head. “I tend to prefer my meals adult and willing,” he’d said, “besides, with how tiny you are, I’d drain you dry, and it’d be like eating three crisps.”

Tommy had tilted his head too, mirroring the vampire. “What type of crisps?”

He’d seemed confused by the question. “Uh, plain ones?” he’d said.

Tommy shook his head. “That’s boring,” he’d declared. “I don’t want to be crisps. I want to be an Oreo. It would make more sense why someone would want to eat me.”

His lips had curled up into a half smile, showing no fang. “Fine, kid, you can be an Oreo. One single Oreo.” Tommy had giggled a bit at being indulged. “Now, can you tell me in which direction Oreos live?”

“Oh.” Tommy had frowned. “Uh, I don’t know. I got lost.”

“Do you know your address?”

He’d shook his head.

“What about your parents’ names?”

“Mom and Dad.”

He’d sighed. “Okay. How about this. Do you live in a house or a big building with other people?”

“A big building,” Tommy had answered.

Technoblade had looked him up and down, squinting a bit. “Are you old enough to go to school?”

“I’m 8!” he’d replied, insulted. “Of course, I go to school. I’ll be in Year 4 in the fall.”

He’d hummed, unconcerned that he’d just insinuated that Tommy was an actual baby. “What school do you go to?”

“Dalton Primary,” he’d answered, still pouting.

Technoblade had nodded and moved a hand to Tommy’s back, guiding him down a street left of where he’d been wandering before the first vampire had shown up. “What are some places you go to often?” he’d asked. “Nearby parks or restaurants?”

“Um, Willow Park is the close one, but I went to Andeen today because it has better slides. Willow Park just has things for little kids.”

“Of which you are not?”

“No! I’m big! I’m 8. I already told you.”

“Yes, 8,” Techno had replied dryly. “Truly the most ancient of beings.”

“We can’t all be old,” Tommy said with a scowl. “What are you, like, 70?”

He’d snorted out a laugh. “Mmm, yes, 70.”

Tommy had narrowed his eyes, recognizing the tone meant he was being mocked. Which, he'd thought, was very rude. Vampire's, he'd decided, were very rude when they weren't trying to eat you. Or, well, he'd amended in his head, perhaps they were rude when they tried to eat you too.

"Restaurants?" Technoblade had prompted.

"Oh, um, there's a McDonald's I get lunch at sometimes and Mommy gets scones from a coffee shop called Cap-caphino Coffee House."

"Cappuccino Coffee House?"

"Yeah! Oh, and there's a Subway in our building!"

"Do you live in the Green Hourglass Tower?"

Tommy had shrugged. He'd had no idea.

"Is it green?"

"Uh huh."

"Is it a weird shape where it has a cut out middle?"

"Yeah!"

"You live in the Green Hourglass Tower, then" Technoblade had said. "Remember that in case you get lost again."

"Okay," Tommy had agreed without complaint.

He'd seemed finished with asking Tommy questions once he'd known where Tommy lived, but Tommy was a nervous chatterer and had ended up talking to him about all sorts of stuff he no longer remembered. The vampire had hummed every so often, probably not actually listening fully. His guiding hand never left Tommy's back.

Soon Tommy had begun to recognize his surroundings and they had stopped in front of Tommy's building. "Is this right?" the vampire had asked.

"Mhmm," Tommy had confirmed.

"Alright then, there you go," he'd shoved Tommy gently toward the doors and out of the shelter of his cape. "Don't get lost at night again."

"I won't!" he'd promised before turning to run up the steps. There had been a doorman there for security who he'd waved at to be let in. "Thanks for not eating me, Mr. Vampire," he'd shouted back at Technoblade, and they had both probably thought that had been the end of it. Technoblade had saved a baby sheep from a predator and Tommy made it home that night.

Yet, they would meet again a few years later, properly that time. The tossing the cape over Tommy's head become a regular thing when Technoblade wanted him to be quiet either because he was being annoying or was upset and crying. Sometimes he'd even forked it over when Tommy had simply been sleepy. Basically, the cape was used whenever Technoblade didn't know what to do with the human in his space.

In the present day, Tommy's vampire senses picked up more about the cape than his human ones had. It was very soft, softer than he'd recognized as a human. Most fabrics were a bit scratchier now, but this fabric was somehow even softer. It was very thick, and Tommy wondered if it was designed to be able to block out the sun in an emergency. That would be very practical if it was. It also smelled a lot like Technoblade which wasn't a surprise considering he wore the thing all of the time. Human Tommy could have picked that up. Yet, his vampire nose could also pick up the faint scene of Phil and... It smelled like the coven as a whole.

Tommy thought very hard about shoving the cape off onto the floor but trying to perform the action was like pushing at a concrete wall in his mind. After battling with himself a bit, he decided to accept it, pulling the cape around him. It didn't grate against his senses like the painfully impersonal sheets at least.

After arranging it to his liking, he poked his head out to see Technoblade was watching him. He tucked his face back into the fabric after a moment to ignore him. However, he wasn't able to ignore when a hand cautiously touched his back right below the shoulder blades. It hesitated there, but when Tommy didn't snap at him or curl away, he slowly started rubbing small circles.

It... it was just barely enough to sooth the screaming instincts that Phil's attention and subsequent absence had worsened. Between the way the cape smelled and the tentative physical contact, the needy ache eased, and he could relax into the bed.

This went on for an indiscernible amount of time. "Aren't you... going to go back to sleep?" Technoblade asked quietly.

Tommy shook his head.

"You're a fledgling," he said. "You need to sleep."

Tommy remained silent.

"Is there something you need?" he asked.

Oh, there were a lot of things he needed, but he wasn't going to tell him. Despite the lack of response to his question, the soothing circles on his back weren't taken away.

"Tommy," he sighed. Tommy just dug his face further into the cape and that's how they stayed until later in the afternoon.

Pillow Fight

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was still day when the door opened again, though Tommy thought it was only a bit under two hours until sunset. He sat up immediately, forcing Technoblade to stop the circles he'd been rubbing into his back. The cape fell off onto the bed. The loss of both things made him feel cold.

Phil paused at the door, looking at him sitting up in surprise.

"He, uh, didn't sleep through the day," Technoblade supplied, awkwardly.

Phil's eyes flickered to him and then back to Tommy. "Good evening," he said. Tommy eyed him as he approached. He reached out a hand to smooth down Tommy's hair. "I'm sorry I wasn't here when you woke."

Tommy pulled away from the touch. It was easier to do so after the last couple of hours of attention even though the loneliness was already beginning to creep back in, but it still stung. "Didn't. Care."

Phil's expression flickered, cooling a bit. He dropped his hand. "I see," he said shortly. Then, he turned to Technoblade. "We should probably feed him in both ways soon, but human food first this time." Tommy clenched a fist in the sheet at the way he was being talked about with him sitting right there.

Technoblade nodded and moved to get up. "I'll get him something from the kitchen." He moved towards the door.

"Wait," Tommy said, and Technoblade turned back. Tommy grabbed the cape and pulled it away from his body. "Here," he said, holding it out.

Technoblade's eyes flickered to it and then to Tommy's face. "You can keep it, Tommy," he said.

"I don't want it," he replied.

Technoblade looked him up and down. "You do," he concluded.

He did, of course, but he still felt a spike of anger in his chest at the condescending tone he used, like he knew Tommy better than Tommy did. Like his opinion on what Tommy's feeling were mattered more than what Tommy said they were. Tommy gritted his teeth and tossed the fabric at him viciously. It hit his chest, and Technoblade grabbed it in surprise. "Fuck your cape and fuck you," he snapped.

"Tommy don't be mean," Phil scolded with a frown.

Tommy rounded on him, "Fuck you even more."

Phil did not seem at all perturbed by Tommy's words. He watched him calmly, one eyebrow raised. Waiting. Tommy recognized that expression. He knew what reaction was expected from him. He was supposed to stop whatever he was doing and smile sheepishly while Phil assessed the situation and decided what needed to be done to clean up whatever type of mess Tommy had just made. He'd have

a warm washcloth in his face to clean off the dirt or food stuff staining it or he'd be asked to quiet down for a bit or he'd be told to take some time to calm down and then apologize.

For some reason, Phil seemed to think he'd react the same way now, but despite what they'd apparently thought of him, he'd not obeyed because he was a well-trained house pet. He'd listened because he'd liked Phil. He'd trusted Phil to know what was best. He'd been stupid, but he hadn't been tamed. Perhaps it seemed like Tommy had no other option than to cower like a scolded dog right now. In fact, maybe in reality, he did have no other option. But, he was pissed off.

Tommy glared at him, but he kept that same infuriating expression on his face. The room was lit by a single lamp at the moment on the bedside table as the overhead light was off. He knew he wouldn't be near fast enough to actually hit one of the older vampires with it, but he was fast enough to shoot his arm out and shove off the table, plunging them all into darkness as the bulb shattered against the ground.

Of course, Technoblade was near the light switch and flicked it on after a few short seconds of shock, but those few seconds felt like some sort of victory.

"Was there a reason for that, Tommy?" Phil asked, calmly.

Tommy went back to glaring at him.

"Technoblade, leave please," Phil said almost pleasantly.

"Uh... sure," Technoblade said and immediately was opening the door and fleeing from the room. Yeah, Tommy thought, looking at Phil's peaceful expression. He also would like to run away right about now. Too bad he was very bed bound still. The door snapped closed behind him.

Tommy pulled his lips back to bare his fangs as Phil lowered himself to sit at the foot of the bed. He crossed his legs casually and turned his upper body to face Tommy. "What?" he asked. "What is the reason for this?"

Tommy hissed.

"You see," Phil said, pressing a finger to his lips and looking at Tommy like he could see his every thought if he looked hard enough. "That isn't helpful communication."

Tommy narrowed his eyes at his sire. His hand closed around one of the pillows next to him and he whipped it at Phil none too gently. It smacked him across the face and fell harmlessly to the bed. Phil didn't even move while this happened, simply watching Tommy with that steady soul piercing expression. After a moment, he tossed the pillow underhand back into Tommy's lap. Tommy stared at it for a second and then threw it at him again. It hit Phil in the face and then the man tossed it back to him once more.

The pattern continued for a few rounds. While Phil's hair became mused from the pillow striking his head repeatedly, the rest of him was altogether unphased.

This was silly, Tommy acknowledged after the fifth time he threw the pillow. It served no purpose and Phil wasn't even going to deign to be angry about it. It was the only thing Tommy was able to do right now other than cry or whine, but to Phil it was just a slightly irritating game. Phil just hammered home the point that Tommy was absolutely useless when he finally caught the pillow after about a dozen throws and asked, "Is this what you're going to expend all of your energy on today?"

Tommy looked down and away, swallowing a lump in his throat. Some mess of feelings burned in his chest. He couldn't tell if it was embarrassment or anger or just the same old betrayal that had been there for a year and a half. The pillow landed in his lap again, and he pushed it onto the floor on top of the shattered lamp.

"Are you going to talk to me now?" he asked and something about the chiding tone made Tommy's chest burn more and tears prickle at the corners of his eyes. "Tommy?" he asked, a little bit softer when he noticed.

Tommy continued to stare at the sheets near his leg.

He heard Phil shift a bit on the edge of the bed and then that purring sound started up again.

Tommy stilled and found his eyes drawn up again to look at Phil's face. The ball of hurt in his chest started to dissolve at the edges, and he hated it. He hated that he could just do that. He didn't have the right.

"Stop that," Tommy croaked.

To his surprise, Phil actually headed him. He stopped making the sound for the moment at least. "You're upset," he pointed out like Tommy wasn't completely aware.

"I know," he snapped.

His sire frowned, and a hand reached towards Tommy, but stopped halfway there. "Let me help."

Tommy shook his head.

"Why not?" he demanded, looking truly irritated now. "Tommy, why not?"

"Maybe I want to be upset," he muttered darkly.

Phil's frown deepened, "I don't want you to be upset."

"Yeah," Tommy said with a scowl, absolutely helpless physically, mentally, and fucking emotionally. "Go on then. Do whatever the fuck you want with me."

Silence.

"*What* is the matter?" Phil asked.

Silence again.

Phil sighed. "Okay," he said. "We're going to disengage a bit. Do you want to get out of this room?"

Tommy narrowed his eyes at him in suspicion.

"I thought you might want to go to my office today," he said. "I'd have to carry you though."

Tommy's mouth twitched downward, but even though he was weak, he still would like to get a lay of the land for any future escape attempts. Plus, he hated this room.

...

Being carried would be nice. It'd be nice to have an excuse to allow it.

...

“Fine,” he agreed.

Chapter End Notes

Oh look! It's Phil and Tommy having two entirely different fucking conversations once again.

Made in Your Image

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Phil's arms were about the temperature of an average human's when he picked Tommy up. This still felt quite warm to Tommy since he was a lot colder at the moment from laying still so long. Tommy's face was tucked carefully into the man's neck, and he thought very hard about lashing out and biting him consequences be damned. He probably would have, actually, if Phil hadn't needed to remove the hand holding the back of Tommy's head to open the bedroom door. Instead, he pulled his head away slightly to settle it on Phil's shoulder, so Tommy could see the inside of the vampires' house for the first time since he'd fled it.

The bedroom ended up being nearer to the center of the house than he'd expected, especially since most human styled rooms were kept in the outer shell. He wouldn't have been surprised if they'd stuck him in their garage. At the very least, he'd anticipated being near the kitchen for convenience when feeding him human food.

One of his favorite activities in his younger years was trying to figure out the twists and turns of their house. This was much to the chagrin of Technoblade who almost always was the one who ended up finding him squirreled away or helplessly lost either because he happened to stumble upon the human or was sent to fetch him. The decorations had been changed slightly since he'd last been here, but Tommy could tell the bedroom was somewhere in the indistinct boundary between Phil's part of the house and... It was near Phil's part of the house and opposite Techno's. It was also in one of the most inner rings of the house. They had to spiral out a tad to get to Phil's study.

The sitting room closest to his office had a different couch set which was to be expected. Phil liked to move shit around whenever the urge struck him, but the space was still recognizable. The two doors from the sitting room to the study were wide open, but Phil closed them both behind them as he walked through.

The office was exactly the same. Oh, it had clearly been used since Tommy had last seen it. There were different projects on the large oak desk and supplies had been moved around and replaced, but the furniture was all the same and so were the pictures of the city on his walls. One was from over 100 years ago and the other had been taken 3 or so years ago from the same spot.

Tommy swallowed a lump in his throat. Saying yes to coming here had been a mistake. Every moment he'd ever spent in here had been a lie. He knew this. Yet still a part of him wasn't sure if he could stand having his memories of this place ruined if Phil's calm mask slipped.

Phil shifted to lay Tommy down on the small fainting couch on the opposite side of the room from his desk. The comforter he'd brought from Tommy's room was tucked around him and then Phil retreated. Tommy watched as he walked over to sit in his huge desk chair. They watched each other for a bit before Phil picked up a pencil. Tommy turned to face the ceiling at the familiar sound of sketching.

Phil was an architect. He'd designed most if not all of the buildings in his territory, molding the city streets to his liking over the decades the Sleepy Coven had lived here.

Tommy curled under the blanket, laying his cheek against the fabric of the fainting couch. Phil would lay on it sometimes to think when he got bored of sitting. It had always been here since before

Tommy had first come here, but Tommy did not recall ever sitting on it himself before. On the few occasions he'd caught Phil on it, the man would get up when he entered. Otherwise, he mostly sat on his chair. When Tommy was there, he would normally sit in a smaller chair beside Phil's so he could watch the man work or sometimes he'd sit on the desk itself when the goal was to annoy him for attention.

At his clingiest, he'd even curled up on Phil's lap while he'd worked. He'd known even then that he'd had to have been irritatingly in the way. Phil would always have to hold Tommy with the arm not busy drawing to keep him from falling and would be forced to crane his neck to actually see what he was doing. They'd normally settle with Phil's chin propped up on one of Tommy's shoulders.

Tommy had trusted him, soft and vulnerable with his back to him. He'd trusted that the fangs that lingered so close to his neck would never bite him.

He'd been a fool.

He wondered if the schematics that had caused his parent's death were in this very room. He wondered if he'd ever seen them when Phil had proudly shown him past projects. They'd died less than a month after Tommy had met Phil for the first time, but Tommy hadn't made the connection until much, much later.

He hadn't considered that Phil was an architect that designed every building built in this part of the city and his parents had worked construction. They'd both died on a job. He hadn't seen how their deaths had left Tommy so cracked and vulnerable and manipulatable because he'd been too busy being cracked and vulnerable and manipulatable at the time. He'd never once turned his thoughts to how easy it would be for the three most powerful men in the city to simply arrange things however they saw fit without regard to human life.

They owned everything and everyone around them in a way most humans living in their territory rarely acknowledged. They'd owned Tommy before Tommy had ever even met them. He'd been born in their territory. He'd grown up in a building Phil had designed. Technoblade had saved him from being picked off by an outside predator at 8. He'd caught the eye of one of them on a rooftop at 12 and had only managed to tighten the collar around his neck more and more since. In his naivety, he'd thought it was love.

'They may fancy themselves gentle shepherds,' his mentor at the hunter's academy had lectured when Tommy had broached the topic one morning. The older man had said something about all vampires being predators who didn't care about human lives, and Tommy had brought up the Sleepy Coven. The hunters and the Sleepy Coven had had a truce since before most people could remember. Neither hunters nor outside vampires were allowed to hunt in their territory without explicit permission for very choice reasons. People did not go missing off of their streets in the middle of the night, and in the rare occasion that they did, the coven would often work with the hunters to rectify the problem. Yet, more than just safety, there were jobs here. There were places to live and food to eat. It was certainly not like most places Tommy knew. Yet, when Tommy had brought all of this up, the veteran hunter had scoffed and rolled his eyes, 'but we're all still just sheep to them,' he'd concluded.

Tommy had not replied and had brushed off the words at the time. He'd thought that couldn't be true. That he'd known better. His mentor was just an idiot who was assuming things about people he'd never met because they were powerful and kind of weird sometimes.

Tommy should have listened.

He may have been a favored pet, but he was still just a plaything in the end, and far more scrutinized and controlled than most humans besides. Was it any wonder that when he'd pulled a bit too hard at his invisible leash, he'd been swiftly and mercilessly punished? They'd thought they'd set him up to be perfectly docile and his grab for independence had not amused them. They'd corrected him on his place quickly.

Now he was owned even more with instinct laying root into his skull. He was a vampire now, but not a coven member. They'd been gentle with him since he'd been dragged back. He was injured and they wanted to know how he'd been able to evade them so long to prevent it from happening again, but eventually they'd snap once more. He was not a beaten dog who came back to its owners expecting different behavior.

The pencil continued to scratch against paper and Tommy continued to stare at ceiling. Phil must have texted Technoblade or something because he entered the study a while later holding a bowl of broth and with another vampire's scent on him and the bowl that made Tommy want to throw the steaming liquid at him. He did not. Instead, he ate it dutifully. Technoblade also gave him a mug of tea which remained even after Techno took the bowl away back to the kitchen.

Tommy sat propped up against the raised side of the fainting couch and sipped at his tea while Phil studiously ignored him until some future point when he deemed the broth settled enough to feed him again. Tommy's eyes drifted to the two framed photos on the walls. He'd known the coven when the newer one was taken. The city looked so pretty made in Phil's image. Tommy threw the mug with about two gulps of tea left in it directly at the newer photo.

Chapter End Notes

Phil listen to me. You can't kill him. You love him. Phil *listen*.

Billowing Breeze

Chapter Notes

Haha. Time for a productive talk.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy might literally be unable to do anything more physically taxing than throwing things, but man could he throw things. His aim stuck true, hitting the photo right on the fancy fountain that was the center of the piece. The fountain was made to look like a tree and spewed water from the tips of its branches. It was about 20 years old now but updated every spring with a different orientation of the swappable branches. Children liked to splash in the basin under it during the hotter summer days.

Though Tommy was weak, he was still stronger than a human and full of ire which was enough to send the mug hurtling fast enough to crack the protective glass over the picture. The mug fell to the ground broken and the leftover tea stained a small, but central area of the expensive white and grey patterned rug beneath it.

A moment later, the bottom half of the glass over the picture started to slide along the fault line that was the crack and then crashed to the floor, shattering into countless glittering pieces. Now unsupported from below, the top half of the glass quickly met the same fate.

Now that, Tommy thought, was satisfying. He eyed the damage with a spark of dark pride aching in his chest. He was so distracted by the feeling that he didn't even notice Phil move.

"You know I like that photo," Phil stated from directly above him, and Tommy's eyes jerked to him in shock and trepidation. Creepy, fast, ancient vampire motherfucker, Tommy thought, his breath catching. Tommy, as customary at this point, didn't say a word, though he wasn't sure if he could have if he wanted to with the way Phil's smoldering eyes were boring into him. "I like the rug too. In fact, I have a rule for my children not to get blood on it or face the consequences." The expression etched into his face was fucking terrifying, but, Tommy reminded himself, he'd had the privilege of being much more scared of him once before. That did not make him feel calmer, but it did make him feel angrier. "Of course," Phil tilted his head. "You technically didn't break that rule. You didn't even know about it." A flash of teeth. "You're still a rude little shit though."

It was a good thing he didn't need as much oxygen as a human would, because he felt like he couldn't breathe. Yet, still, after rolling around the words on his tongue for a long moment, he managed to use the little air he had left in his lungs to force out. "I knew."

Phil raised an eyebrow, clearly a bit thrown by the response. The slight reminder that Tommy's sire may not be human, but he was still not a god loosened the invisible noose around his neck. "You knew what?" Phil asked.

"I knew about the rug rule," he replied, "and it doesn't just apply to blood. You told me not to get hot chocolate on it once."

"I see."

Tommy wondered what the consequences were. At the time, he'd thought the man so soft that it couldn't be more than a very stern scolding. His perception had changed a bit since then.

"So," Phil stated in a calm tone, "that was a deliberate action calculated to anger me as much as possible."

"Yes," Tommy confirmed in a hiss despite it clearly not being a question.

Phil slowly in that unnatural way only very old vampires could began to lower himself until he was poised on the balls of his feet, face exactly level with Tommy's own. Tommy turned his head away to stare at a spot on the wall over his shoulder. Phil was having none of that, however; he grabbed Tommy's chin between his thumb and index finger to guide his face back giving Tommy no choice but to look at him.

"Explain," he ordered. "I've had enough of this. Tell me what happened. Tell me everything."

But 'everything' was Tubbo. Even just a small part of everything was Tubbo. Tommy would rather bite off his own tongue.

"Tommy," his sire said warningly with an undercut of *something* that made Tommy go still inside and out. "Explain." There was an *'I can make you'* hidden in the spiraling darkness of his tone. And he could, Tommy knew. It was the right of a sire even over scorned fledglings.

Tommy only knew about the scorned from his hunter training. The kinder sires let scored fledglings go to maybe be able to find a replacement sire. The not as kind killed them outright when they decided they were done with them. The cruelest, though, would keep them through their fledglinghoods or maybe even a year or two past it before always killing them (else they'd eventually face a spiteful fully grown vampire).

The reason the last worked was because sires could control their fledglings and make them do anything they wanted. After fledglinghood, sires would slowly lose the ability to control their sired, but even as far as the first decade or two after the turning, it was all but impossible to resist.

Sometimes vampires turned someone with the express purpose of scorning them. It was useful to have disposable fledglings around especially for larger covens. They could be food in an emergency for adult vampires when they were younger and still had more human in them and as they got older could feed embraced fledglings. Sometimes, humans who were particularly disliked (most examples being hunters) were turned and kept out of revenge. On occasion, turning humans was done just for something fun to toy with that couldn't run. It was a last resort strategy taught at the hunters' academy that if captured by a large coven, one should to try to kill a sire if one could. There was a sliver of a possibility their scorned might help you out in thanks for freeing them from their sire's absolute control.

Now, Tommy was certainly not going to be cowed into giving him what he wanted in fear he'd just take what he wanted. Instead, he shoved all thoughts of Tubbo into a box in his head (though he didn't know if that would actually help) and threw down the gauntlet. "Make me," he challenged, gritting his teeth and mentally preparing himself. He wasn't sure exactly what full on mind bending was like, so he didn't really know how to brace himself for it. He waited for something to happen.

The slow breath out that Phil gave followed by him releasing Tommy's face was not what Tommy had expected to bring about mind control. He expected it to feel like fire in his veins or like puppet strings on his wrists, or, like, at least for it to make him dizzy, but none of that happened. Nothing happened actually. Tommy didn't start doing anything out of his control or... anything like that. Phil leaned

forward and pressed his forehead into the seat of the fainting couch near Tommy's elbow. He looked less imposing like that, like a deflating vampire balloon.

"I," he sighed after almost a full 30 seconds. He pulled his head back up and pushed himself to his feet, "am going to go on a walk." He turned his back on Tommy and left his side as silently and as quickly as he'd come to it. He may as well have been a breeze blowing through the now open office door.

Chapter End Notes

Phil, almost literally on his knees: Please just tell me what's wrong?? What did I do??? Literally just explain any part of this behavior you're exhibiting.

Tommy: *hisses like a feral cat*

Changes

Chapter Summary

Changes aka, 'Excerpts From How to Deal With the Feral Raccoon in Your Apartment' by Technoblade.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade sighed as he looked at the bag of blood in front of him. It was designed specifically for vampires to store blood for a long time without refrigeration and was easily bitten into or torn open to pour into a cup. They always had a good number on hand in the house even though it wasn't anyone's preferred feeding method. Techno normally preferred fresh blood and technically had the option, but Phil wasn't going to let anyone in the house, even trusted humans only in the human area of the home, and Techno himself wasn't too keen on going out. So, bagged blood it was.

Yet, before he could get to the actual eating part, the door to the storage room was suddenly flung open. Techno looked over to see Phil... in a right state. The hell did Tommy manage to do to him in 10 minutes?

Phil spotted Techno and took a deep breath in to calm himself before meeting his eyes. "I'm sorry," he said, knowing that Techno would understand what he was asking for. "I know you must be tired."

"It's fine, Phil," Techno waved him off. "I've got him. Still in the office?"

Phil nodded. "I'll be back in half an hour."

"Take as much time as you need," Techno said. "I'll feed him and sit with him as long as I need to."

Phil nodded and then was gone in a flash. Technoblade sighed and got to his feet, leaving the bag of blood on the table for now. He went in the opposite direction from Phil back towards the man's office.

Tommy was still on the couch when he entered looking like he had before Techno had left, but sans mug of tea. Techno's eyes trailed from the stubbornly glaring boy to the rest of the room. He raised an eyebrow at the mess still on the floor.

"I have to give credit where credit is due," Techno said. "I didn't even know it was possible to elicit that much anger from Phil." And Technoblade's first interaction with him had been trying to stake him.

There was a flicker of pride in Tommy's eyes. Little fucker knew exactly what he'd done and was clearly pleased. With an exasperated sigh, Techno snapped open the fasten on his cape and tossed it over the idiot's head.

He hissed and tried to bat it away, but Techno had already swept over and scooped him up into his arms, pinning the tangled fabric around him. He wiggled unhappily in Techno's arms, still trying unsuccessfully to get out of his fabric prison. Technoblade began to move.

“Techno no,” Tommy whined. “Let me out.”

And despite everything, Techno felt a trickle of light amusement. This was familiar. Technoblade had never had patience for the little menace. The number of times he’d done something similar to tote him back to Phil or Wilbur because the bastard had been trying to get into something he wasn’t meant to or had been about to break something important was uncountable.

“Why?” Techno asked, tone light, “So you can bite and scratch at me uninhibited. That hurt enough with your dull little human teeth and nails.”

To prove his point, the lump in his arms wiggled and strained towards where Technoblade’s face was. Little smaller lumps that were obviously arms tried to paw at him but got nowhere.

“Calm down or you’re going over my shoulder,” Techno warned, knowing Tommy did not like going over the shoulder. He’d scream profanities and claim that he was dizzy (despite only being there for 2 seconds) while beating at Technoblade’s back.

Currently, Tommy paused and seemed to think about it before giving up on his struggles. “Where are we going?” he asked.

“My reading room,” he replied.

Tommy puffed out a breath of acknowledgment and then settled the part of the lump that was his head on Techno’s shoulder. Techno squeezed him a bit when he went lax in his arms. Kid was a little shit, but... He tilted his head to lay his cheek on top of his head. Instinct took over half a second later and he was purring embarrassingly softly. A fist clenched into Techno’s shirt through the cape, but he didn’t return the sound even when Techno knocked their heads together encouragingly. Well, that was concerning. Techno would add that one to the list.

He made it to his reading room after a few minutes of walking and plopped his bundle of cloth onto the couch there. Once freed, Tommy immediately began working on detangling himself from the cape. Techno sat next to him on the couch and watched on in amusement as he struggled. He eventually popped his head out, his hair a mess, his cheeks a bit flushed, and a glare on his face.

“Stop smirking,” he hissed, lobbing the cape at Techno’s head.

Techno shook his head with a chuckle and patted the foot next to him. Said foot was pulled away like Technoblade’s hand was made of fire. He raised the offending hand in surrender and Tommy’s posture loosed again. For something to do, he grabbed the nearest book on the table next to him and set it in his lap. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Tommy’s leg slowly extend so the foot was back to the place it had been. After a few minutes of Techno pretending to read, it moved even closer, so it brushed his hip. Techno’s eyes flickered over to him. He’d been watching Techno intently, but his eyes flickered to the side the moment they met Techno’s. Technoblade slowly put the hand back on his ankle and there was no flinching back this time.

He was so jumpy, Technoblade thought. He’d never been this jumpy before, quite the opposite really. There were days where he’d have to dump him off of his lap back onto his side off the couch again and again until they had to leave or one of them ~~Techno~~ gave in.

He was so different now and not in the right way someone might be different after a turning, but then again, his turning had not been at all typical. They were dealing with someone familiar and unknown at the same time. Phil clearly didn’t know what to do and Techno certainly didn’t. Wilbur was... avoiding his problems. The fact was... none of them knew how to deal with such a traumatic turning.

Technoblade's turning was the opposite. It had probably been the best possible way to turn. He'd been a physically fit 31-year-old with no growing to do and the only damage to fix being his eye. He'd asked after 6 months of knowing Phil, and Phil had told him to wait. He'd spent the next 6 months talking through every aspect of the change with both Phil and Wilbur. He'd known exactly what to expect before they'd settled on a date. The build up had been slow, the execution quick and as painless as possible, and his fledglinghood short.

Wilbur's hadn't been quite as ideal. He'd been sickly his entire life and was dying when Phil had saved him from a still burning village. Phil had seen something in him and had put out an offer for him to get the chance to live to see his 20th birthday after a little under 2 months of knowing him. Wilbur had decided he wanted to live. It had been a bit of a rushed decision, but one he hadn't regretted. The actual turning had also been quick, perhaps quicker than Techno's in Phil's anxiety, but his fledglinghood had been long and reportedly a bit painful. He'd had about half a year of growing yet and his body had to fix itself from the illness that had almost killed it.

Phil... well, to most people who asked, he'd probably just say it had been too long ago to truly remember. Yet, when Technoblade had asked in those 6 months before his own turning, he'd gotten an actual answer. Phil's original coven had been somewhat like the three of them were with the city around them except a bit more... well... *involved*. Phil's father had been a coven leader and his mother had been a human. Because of his father's position, Phil had always had the choice to be turned, but denied it for most of his life until his mortal mother passed away. After that, he'd eventually said yes to the change, but it had... been under some emotional manipulation from his father turned sire. He still wasn't quite sure if he would have chosen it under his own volition. Physically the change had been easy even if he'd been aging out of the peak age range for it, but he'd said mentally it was not nearly as easy.

Phil said sometimes it had felt like he was two people fighting for control over his body and mind and it had taken him a long time to fully accept the change. Wilbur had admitted that sometimes he'd felt a little weird when faced with aspects of vampirehood he was not expecting, but those feelings had faded before he was out of fledglinghood. For Techno, he'd felt nothing. He'd been bit and had woken up the next day with fangs feeling like he had a bad case of the flu that had lasted for months, but otherwise felt mostly unchanged despite the, well, change.

Yet, despite their different experiences, none of them could really understand what Tommy's turning was like. His had been sprung on him. It had been messy and violent and *slow*. He'd had a good 4-5 years of growing left to do, and the thwarted changing bite had been on the fucking side and not even directly into vein, which had made the venom travel so much needlessly slower to the heart.

It wasn't really that surprising that such a change had an affect on him, not to mention all the time away from them. Yet still, something wasn't quite adding up to Techno. He just couldn't figure out what yet.

"I told Phil I'd feed you," Techno broached after a few minutes, and he could feel the way the temperature in the room dropped.

"No."

Techno did his best to keep his posture casual and loose. "You can choose how," he offered, "but you do need to be fed. I can get you a cup or a feeding bag."

"No bag," he said immediately with a surprising amount of vehemence for someone who Techno wouldn't have expected to have fed in that way before let alone to have had a negative experience with it. Of course, then again, what did Techno know about him?

“Alright then,” he said. “Cup or straight?”

He considered it, fangs biting into his lower lip for a moment. “Straight?”

Techno nodded. “Wrist?”

“Yeah.”

“Alright,” Techno said. He put the book down beside him. “Come here.”

He was still, eyeing Techno carefully for a few moments before he started to move, shifting onto his knees on the middle couch cushion facing Techno. He paused then, seeming unsure.

Techno reached out and tugged him down. “Here. This’ll be easiest,” he explained, pulling and prodding him gently into a position over his lap. He was as tense as a drawn bowstring by the time he’d been slotted into place and Techno stopped. “We can do a cup,” he offered again, “or a different position?”

Tommy shook his head no but didn’t relax.

“Okay,” Techno said and reached up a hand, but he bypassed the fledgling’s mouth for the moment. Instead, he moved to fix the hair still messed up from his battle with Techno’s cape. He scratched at a spot near his ear and the tension drained from the kid’s form as he just about melted. “Oh, did I finally find a Tommy off switch?” he asked, amused.

“Fuck off,” he hissed even while pressing back against the hand. “I’ll bite you.”

“Well,” Techno drawled. “That really is rather the point, isn’t it?” He slipped his hand down to hover his wrist near his lips. Tommy’s eyes flickered to it, a bit of the tension returning, but not nearly as much.

“Fine,” he muttered, and moved to bite down. It didn’t hurt, of course. Their biology was made for this, and it would take effort to make a bite on the wrist feel like more than a slight pinch.

Techno glanced up for a second to check the clock across from them and tensed in shock when he looked back down only to find the child in his arms *leaking*. “Are you crying *again*?” he asked, probably sounding rude, but he couldn’t help it. He did not do well with tears, and Tommy knew this. If he didn’t seem so unhappy with the tears himself, Techno might have suspected he was doing it out of spite. Instead, he’d squeezed his eyes shut, tears still leaking out of the corners while he fed. Technoblade was once again unsure what to do. He wiped awkwardly at the tears with his open palm, but they just continued to come faster and faster.

Shit, Technoblade thought with an internal sigh.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Technoblade. Why doesn't he throw things at *him*? Why does he just *cry*? Techno would much prefer having things thrown at him. He can catching things very well. (Help him.)

Blood Bag

Chapter Notes

There are a few trigger warning for this chapter that are covered by the tags, but still. We have a panic attack, referenced torture, and also forced blood drinking and not the save-your-life-sorta-gentle type that happened with Techno earlier.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Why can’t you throw things at me and cry at Phil?! It’d make everyone happier,” Technoblade sputtered. The way he sounded like he was in actual pain almost made Tommy want to laugh. Or cry more. He cried more. “Okay,” Technoblade admitted, “well, maybe you’d still be miserable, but still!”

He sounded just like Technoblade, or well, he sounded like the Technoblade Tommy had thought he’d known. The way he’d grabbed him out of nowhere in Phil’s office and carried him off like he weighed absolutely nothing was so startlingly familiar that Tommy had almost forgotten for a few moments what reality was. Despite his gruffness and the aura of danger he was constantly cloaked in, Tommy had never managed to find it in himself to fear Techno from their first meeting up until he was turned. He was terrifying now, but it was alarmingly easy to forget about that when held close to his chest. He’d even done the weird purring thing. It brought the same calming sensation that it had with Phil. That was a bit of a surprise because Tommy had assumed it needed the mind control thing to work that way, and Technoblade was not his sire.

Then had come the feeding, and Technoblade had put him over his fucking lap and held him like he was something precious. Tommy had only ever fed from a pissed off adult vampire Tubbo was going to kill later, from jars with gross cold blood, and from Phil’s wrist held at a distance. Unless you counted the times Technoblade had held him to force feed him while he was dying or when Phil had fed him while he was basically asleep, this was the first time he’d been fed like this. This time he was fully conscious and aware of how much he wanted the gentle way his hair had been pet before the wrist had been offered. It was way, way too much. Of course, he’d fucking cried like a baby.

He finished after a few more moments and pulled his face away. Technoblade retracted his wrist and blotted at it with a tissue he’d grabbed from the table next to them. Tommy had been shifting around and wiping at the mess on his face, but he went still when the hand returned a moment later to scratch idly at the top of his head.

“And what was that?” Technoblade asked. Right, Tommy’s mouth was free now and he was expected to answer.

“Doesn’t matter,” he said and hated that his voice cracked a bit.

“It clearly does.”

“Not to you.”

“Perhaps that for me to decide.”

“Maybe I was just recalling the last time you fed me was a force feeding,” he snarled defensively.

Technoblade hummed, twisting a strand of Tommy's hair around his finger. Tommy wanted to bat it away because he had no right, but the baby in his head made its desires known once again and its desires were to let Techno play with his hair for as long as the man was willing. Tommy decided to pick his battles with this one. "Assuming that is true," Technoblade said. "That does bring up the unanswered question of why a force feeding was necessary."

"Isn't it obvious?"

"Nothing about you is obvious to me right now."

"Well, the answer is fuck you."

Techno tugged gently at the hair around his finger in reprimand. "You're going to have to give us an actual answer at some point, but honestly Phil will probably have better luck getting it from you."

Yeah, of fucking course he would. Tommy scowled at him.

Technoblade rolled his eyes. "Well, anyway, now that you're fed, I was about to eat before Phil asked me to watch you, so..."

Tommy squeaked and scrambled for purchase even though Technoblade's grip was firm as he rose to his feet with Tommy in his arms. He sent Tommy an amused glance. "You can't just pick me up and carry me everywhere you want, prick," Tommy protested.

"I can, actually," he replied.

Tommy lunged towards his throat but was pulled back before he could sink his teeth in anywhere.

"We need to get you a muzzle," Techno said dryly.

Tommy hissed and persisted in the sound even when Technoblade raised an eyebrow at him. Technoblade continued to walk and eventually Tommy let the hiss trail off as he ran out of breath. "Bitch," he muttered.

"Okay, Tommy."

"*Fucking* bitch."

"Okay, Tommy."

Technoblade carried him to a room he couldn't place in his mental map of their home, but it looked like a small dinning room with a giant cabinet like thing taking up one wall. Techno set him down on one of the chairs and took a seat across from him. He reached for something already sitting on the table in front of him.

It was a bag of blood, and Tommy immediately felt paralyzed looking at the dark red liquid. Thoughts he usually shoved way, way down in the interest of being able to survive as a vampire (Who ever heard of a vampire who was scared of blood?) reared their ugly heads.

He'd been human the first time he'd tasted another person's blood. It had been room temperature, not warm like it was straight from a body or cool like when it had been stored in the fridge.

Tubbo didn't use bags to store blood even though it was a lot more efficient and sanitary. Instead, he put it in glass jars and had even had to paint the jars black because Tommy had a hard time looking at

blood in large quantities.

What they didn't tell you (or at least humans) about those bags is you don't really need fangs to use them. There was a little area for fangs to puncture but normal human incisors could also fit there and without a hand to pull it away, with someone holding it to your mouth in fact, there wasn't anyway to get away from the thick trickle of blood.

There was blood in his mouth. It wasn't human blood. It was Technoblade's. He was a vampire now and blood tasted different.

It tasted so bad. He hated every moment of it.

There was still blood in his mouth. He wanted to throw up Technoblade's blood as well as the broth. Did vampires throw up?

What did it matter if vampires threw up? Humans did and he was human and he really wanted to throw it up, but the first time he'd thrown it up, they'd just fed him another bag, and he didn't understand why this was happening and why these people hated him, and where was Wilbur, because he was supposed to meet him downtown near the fountain to talk it out after their fight, but instead he'd been grabbed and now he didn't know where he was or who he was with and he was on a table and he couldn't move his arms and legs or even lift his head from the table to look at who was hurting him because everything hurt.

The back of his head smacked into something hard, which was weird because he couldn't even tilt his head up a few inches, let alone get enough leverage to slam it down against the table. He heard something that sounded like a door opening and quick footsteps and peeled his eyes open to see a blurry image of Phil's face hanging over him. He closed his eyes with a choked sob.

He knew what happened next.

Chapter End Notes

Good news! We get Phil's perspective for the first time next chapter since our normal perspective character is er... not doing so well.

Fight

Chapter Notes

TW for unintentional self harm.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil did not go far from his office. He was physically unable to go very far if he was being honest. His very, very tight grip on every one of his sire instincts as well as his unwavering trust in Technoblade were the only things letting him pull himself away from the situation and not just tie an already aggrieved fledgling down until he just *stopped*.

He was a few rooms away and had leaned his forehead against a glass window looking into the small workout room that technically belonged to Phil, but that Technoblade more often frequented. He'd moved in that direction intentionally with the idea that maybe he could take his mind off his sizzling anger on the different throwable heavy objects in the room. Yet, said anger had flagged quickly on the walk there leaving him half collapsed on the wall outside it.

He almost wished the emotion had stayed; he knew how to process and resolve that. Instead, he was just tired and confused. He'd thought he'd long gotten over the stillness in his own chest, but he found himself painfully aware of the lack of life there today. It felt like someone had taken a trowel to his chest and dug out the remains of his heart like a dormant flower bulb.

He'd been a vampire longer than any country on this planet had existed. He was possibly the oldest being on the planet at this point. By all rights, he should be able to handle one temperamental fledgling for more than 5 minutes. Some vampires force turned strangers for God's sake and that somehow worked out much of the time. (It didn't work out; he knew it couldn't really work despite appearances and what people said.)

Maybe that was the problem actually: Tommy knew him too well. Tommy knew how to get to weak spots Phil didn't even realize he had or thought he'd gotten over and dug at those spots until his claws were bloodied.

Perhaps Phil could have dealt with the absolute wreck of instincts vying for control of him in ways they hadn't in millennia. Perhaps he could have smothered everything that came roaring to the surface the moment Technoblade brought home Phil's presumed dead fledgling, injured and smelling of hunter and *other*. Yet, the moment Tommy struck out with expertly aimed word or deed, Phil was sent crumbling.

He couldn't even figure out what his vampire instincts wanted at this point. Phil would take 30 minutes of calm in the boy's presence or even just one single conversation that was filled with words instead of hostile barbs.

He sighed and his breath fogged the window before he straightened. Perhaps if he fed himself the part of him that wanted to just wrap his youngest (and honestly at this point maybe the older ones as well) up in blankets until he couldn't fucking escape would simmer down? When was even the last time he'd eaten? He wasn't sure. It was worth a shot.

Yet, before he could even take a step, something shifted in the air and those parts of himself he'd just been trying to suppress were yanking him into motion before he could even fully process what was going on.

Fear: sharp and bitter was drifting through the air. When Phil had first picked up on it, it had just been a trace, but as he moved, it became stronger both because it was building quickly and because he was getting closer to its source.

It was so strong that the only explanation that came to mind was the Tommy was literally dying, but there was no sound of a fight when Phil came upon the door that the smells were coming from.

"Fuck!" he heard Techno bark just as Phil reached the door and shoved it open. Tommy was on the ground and not being attacked by anything, though it was clear he hadn't intended to lay on the ground considering the chair that was knocked over near his feet. Technoblade was still moving, standing up from where it looked like he'd been crouched on the opposite side of where the chair had once sat.

Phil was across the room in an instant and crouched down at Tommy's side. "Tommy?" he asked softly. The boy's glassy eyes focused on him for a moment and another wave of fear pulsed through the room; he whined as though in pain. Yet, Phil couldn't see what could be causing him hurt. He had likely hit his head on the way down and he was still wounded, but it wasn't anything more than what he'd come in with and he'd dealt with that pain well enough. Plus, the fall was obviously not what had caused this, but was a result. Phil had no idea what the cause *was*.

He was like a completely different person than he'd been the last time Phil had seen him. He was not the combative and pissy fledgling who'd lashed out at every turn since he'd gotten home. The closest to this he'd been was when he'd panicked over the still unhealed almost turning bite when Phil had touched it. Yet, Phil had been there to calm him quickly then. This was spiraling out of control and Phil wasn't sure if just purring could bring it back so easily. It also clearly was not for the same reason, because the bite was covered with bandage and shirt and Phil had warned Technoblade about the experience.

Phil went to hover his hands over him, unsure if he should touch him while in this state. That question was answered immediately as Tommy's eyes caught the motion of the nearby hands and he flinched violently, slamming his head into the table leg. He made a wounded sound at the pain, twisting away and bringing one of his hands up to claw at the opposite wrist.

"Don't hurt yourself." He did not react to Phil's command, though Phil was pretty sure he'd heard it. "Tommy," he tried again. **"Stop scratching."** That seemed to work, because he stopped the clawing motion instantly. Phil quickly shoved away the thought that wherever he was in his head, he did not register that as harming himself.

Tommy, of course, did not calm down then even though he couldn't scratch at himself. In fact, the panic only got worse with the restriction making Phil grimace. He watched as something else seemed to come over the fledgling like a switch had been flipped in his brain. The look that entered his eyes was actually startlingly familiar from the last few days as he shifted over from fawn to...

Phil was lucky he'd been watching him so closely and that the boy was still a bit out of it, because he just barely managed to dodge a fist swinging at him at full strength. Phil's hand shot up as Tommy lunged for his neck with fangs bared like a wild animal. Phil would say he was one of the ferals if he hadn't just had a frustrating, but coherent conversation with the boy less than half an hour before. He managed to catch him by the shoulder and hold him back. Tommy shoved against Phil's grip trying desperately to inflict some, *any*, damage to him.

This was reminiscent of how a fledgling would act if they encountered a human. Fledglings would attack humans with blind violence in the hopes that they might survive by a stroke of luck even though they were far too weak and unskilled still to be an even match. Yet, there was no human here. It was only Phil. This sort of fear was not meant to be directed at a sire.

“Calm down,” Phil beseeched, not knowing what else to do. “Calm down. Nothing is here to hurt you.”

He did not calm down. He continued to lash out, trying to hit the hand holding him away with closed fists. Phil did not have enough hands to keep both fists and his mouth away from himself.

“No,” Phil said when he saw movement out of the corner of his eye. He kept his voice even and calm so as to not exasperate the situation with harsh tones. “You’ll just corner him more.”

And so, they stayed like that. Phil and Tommy on the floor with Phil holding the razor-sharp teeth away from his skin with one hand and blocking as many of the strikes from fists as possible with the other. Technoblade stood frozen off to the side, clearly unsure what to do with himself.

Tommy was weak (Phil would not say luckily), so he wore himself out rather quickly. The violence faded from him, but the fear did not. He went almost limp suddenly. Phil had to act quickly to catch him as he folded, so he did not hit his head for a third time. He curled into a ball on the floor, Phil’s hand still on his shoulder from lowering him down.

“Tommy,” Phil called softly, but he did not respond. He just curled into an even tighter ball. He was not fighting anymore, but this was almost worse. Phil did not know how to stop this.

And then the door slammed open once again, which, of course it did. Tommy was slinging distress hormones all over the place. They probably permuted the house by now even on the exact opposite side. So, *of course*, the door slammed open.

Phil looked up at the newest occupant of the room and then looked back down at the ball of fear in front of him. Tommy’s muscles went lax under his hand as the fledgling lost consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Well, look, who finally decided to show up! ;)

Omissions

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy had had a grandmother once. His father's mother had died before Tommy was born and so had both of his grandfathers. So, the only grandparent he'd ever had was his mom's mother, and even she had ended up dying when he was very small. Still, he'd had a grandmother for a while. His memories of her were sparse and softened by childhood: kissed cheeks, sitting on a lap in a rocking chair, laughter when she found him playing in a closet and using her spare Tupperware as a helmet and a wooden spoon as a sword. Everything he remembered about her was bright and warm but fuzzed at the edges like distant stars. One day, he'd simply left her nice and fun house and had never gone back. He'd been too young to understand death; his parents hadn't taken him to the funeral.

He wondered about her sometimes. He'd never really known her, had he? He'd been far too young and all he'd known of her was kindness and hugs and forgiveness, because who could hold a grudge against a 3-year-old who dug up your plants out of curiosity? But she had been human, and surely there'd been more to her. She had to have had rougher edges and sorrows she'd never let him see. He'd been told later in life in passing that she'd been in a war once. He was unsure which one or what she'd been doing. She'd almost lost an arm. She had lost a leg. She'd probably killed people, though that had never been in the stories his mother and his aunt had told even when he was older. Perhaps she had never even told them. Who had his grandmother been really? If she had lived longer, would Tommy think of her the same as he did now? Or would the soft and kind love darken around the edges as he learned of the rougher pieces of her?

A clock was ticking softly, tracking the moments as they slipped away.

When he was young, it used to be that if Tommy's mother was annoyed or stressed, he could walk up and hug her. No matter what, she'd always shoot him a smile and he'd think he'd helped. It had been a lie, but it had been a nice one. One day, though, he'd apparently been old enough that it didn't work anymore. She decided not to smile for him. Instead, she'd shaken him off and walked away. One moment he'd been a child who thought everything could be fixed with a hug from someone you loved and the next he'd learned the truth.

Some amount of time in the future, he'd been deemed old enough for his dad to complain at him about how work had been horrible. Then, he'd been old enough for them to fight while he was still in the condo. His mother had snapped at him the Friday before she'd died. She'd never apologized. It had not been the last conversation they'd had, but his thoughts lingered on it even now. He'd been surprised and hurt but hadn't brought it up later. Life had moved on like it always did after such moments. Except... well, it hadn't actually that time. Had it?

There was a bitter metallic taste in his mouth like water from that older fountain in the park; city officials probably should have cut off the water supply to it years ago.

He'd met Tubbo in a park when Tommy was 7 and Tubbo was 8. Tommy had split his plenty big lunch with him one day and had even bought them both ice cream with his allowance. Tubbo had followed him around like a lost puppy after that even when Tommy started lightly mocking him by calling him clingy. He'd still always shared his lunch, so Tubbo always came back. They used to play pretend all day long until Tommy went home. Their favorite game was when they both acted like they were aliens from outer space sent to observe the strange creatures known as 'humans' that called this planet home. They'd take notes (or, well, Tommy would. Tubbo didn't like to write) usually in the

sand because they didn't have pen and paper and sneak around listening to conversations. They'd report all of this back to the 'mothership' which was on the top of one of the standalone slides. Tubbo was always better at studying the 'humans.' He could always tell which of the adults in the park were nice and would give them one of their extra cookies and which ones would yell at them if they got close to them and were too loud.

Tubbo had been living in the park by the time Tommy had met him, which explained why he was always there to play with. Tommy had thought the idea of living in the park without adults telling you what to do was cool at the time. He'd slowly grown into the fact that it was horrifying. He wished now that he'd given Tubbo more than half of his lunches or at least made him run around less in their games. At the time though, Tubbo had just been a fun friend who was always there to hang around with. His observations of other people had far more weight to them than Tommy had realized at the time. It had been a game to Tommy, but Tubbo's eyes had tracked the people around them with a spark of hunger and sharp calculation in them. He could see danger in the way a person held themselves and see kindness in the curl of one's lips. Even after all this time, he still hadn't explained to Tommy how exactly he'd managed to survive so many nights on his own so young. Tommy had gathered bits and pieces over just short of a decade of friendship, but the story had never been told to him outright. Even after Tommy had managed to convince him to move into the far too empty condo with him as they both still mourned parental figures, Tubbo had never told him he was a witch. Even after being on the run with him for a year and a half, Tubbo was in some ways still a stranger.

He liked the way the pillow his head was on smelled for a reason he would not name. He pressed his face into it.

He'd met Technoblade when he was just a child. He had always thought of him as kind and safe since then even when he acted grumpy. He was always so strong, but Tommy had always imagined that strength being used for protection.

Phil had smiled at him the first time they'd met when Tommy was a just barely a teenager. He'd asked him questions about things people never wanted to hear about from Tommy, and Tommy had thought he was the best person in the world.

Tommy sometimes wondered if anyone ever really knew anyone or if they'd always inevitably surprise you. He wondered if anyone ever got good surprises. Was it just him, or did people in general suck?

Honestly, people probably just sucked. Everything sucked. The world sucked and everything hurt. He shifted just the slightest amount to maybe hurt a bit less (physically at least) and things suddenly hurt worse. He quickly shifted the other way and that was better, but still not great. The soft sheet on him slipped over him as he moved around.

People didn't really know Tommy either, he supposed. The coven hadn't known he spent the afternoons training at the hunter's academy. Tubbo still didn't know that Tommy had a personal connection to the vampires that had turned him; he probably assumed it had to do with the hunter's academy and nothing else. His parents hadn't known where he was most days and evenings or anything about his interests; they were always busy and away. Tommy as he was now had not even existed when his grandmother was alive to know him.

He'd had his reasons for keeping the parts of his life separate, but he wondered if things would have been different if he'd gone out of his way to tell everyone about every part of him unprompted or would they have lied to him just the same?

They probably would have lied to him. At least, most of them would have. He'd learned to perpetually leave things unsaid and ignore his problems by the best of them, after all.

Just like they were both currently ignoring the fact that he was very much awake.

How long would they lie this time?

Tommy slowly cracked open his eyes to take in the man sitting on the edge of the bed near Tommy's knees. He was facing away from Tommy looking much the same as always. Tommy had already known he'd be there, but it didn't make seeing him hurt any less.

"Hey Tommy," he said, not even having to look to know Tommy had given in and opened his eyes.

Wilbur.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, I gave you the same cliff hanger twice. :) I'd say sorry... but I'm not. Suffer. XD

Rooftop Fight

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy did not respond when Wilbur spoke to him. He couldn't, really, if he was being honest. He would have sworn his heart was about to beat out of his chest except for the fact that he knew his heart was sickeningly still.

After a couple of moments of deafening silence, Wilbur shifted to face him. His eyes studied Tommy for a couple of seconds before he tilted his head just barely with a forced half-smile. "Still mad at me?"

Tommy felt some emotion he could not identify begin to bubble in his chest like a pot a few degrees away from boiling. "Am I mad at you?" he asked through numb feeling lips. Wilbur's dumb face peered back at him, familiar in the way his eyes scanned him curiously like he did not quite understand Tommy but was doing his best to figure him out. "Am I mad at you?!" he asked again, but it wasn't really a question this time. It was clearly a resounding 'yes.' He somehow managed to shove himself all the way up to his feet so he was standing on the bed. The world around him was crystal clear in ways it hadn't been in... *ever* and he wondered if that was the vampire senses he was supposed to have developed, but which were usually quashed by malnutrition and stress. "Fuck you, Wilbur!"

"Tommy," Wilbur said, getting to his own feet quickly, though he was on the floor, so Tommy still had the high ground for the moment. "Chill for a second. You're still-"

"Shut up!" Tommy screamed. "Shut up! You don't get to say *shit*!"

"T-"

And Tommy's body had already hit its limit with the full-bodied screaming and the standing. His knees locked and he toppled straight down. Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on which parts of him you asked, he'd been leaning towards Wilbur slightly to scream at him, so when he lost control of his legs, he topped in that direction. Wilbur lunged for him, catching him in with one arm around his back and one at his knees. In thanks for the save, Tommy struck out and dug his teeth into the bastard's neck until he tasted blood.

Fuck," was the reply to this, but Wilbur's arms were too busy stubbornly not dropping Tommy, and his legs were preoccupied with trying to keep his balance against Tommy's inertia, so he really had no defense. Tommy dug his teeth in harder. "Ow! Okay, fuck!" Wilbur managed to get his feet steady under him and his grip on Tommy shifted so one arm was free. Then, Tommy was being pried off of Wilbur's neck.

Tommy hissed as he was forced away and pressed back onto the bed on his back. Wilbur kept one hand on his chest to keep him from striking again.

"You've made your point," Wilbur growled when he kept straining against the hold.

"No, I haven't," he hissed back.

“Fine,” Wilbur snapped, “but you’re going to rest for a second before you’re allowed to fucking attack me again.” Tommy tried to swipe at his face with his poor excuse for claws, but Wilbur just batted his hand away.

Tommy took in fast, harsh breaths. As he laid there pinned, his entire body seemed to catch up with the fact that he’d just pushed way too hard, and it protested severely to his recent actions. He let his arms go limp instead of trying to shove Wilbur off. It was no use anyway. Burning started up behind his eyes and it felt like at any moment, his chest could crack under the gentle pressure of Wilbur’s palm.

“Don’t,” Wilbur said, expression fading from his a-little-bit-annoyed-but-also-concerned face to his just plain, old, concerned face. “Don’t cry.”

Tommy tried to turn his head away, but he was restrained on his back with nowhere to go.

A gentle hand came up to wipe a couple of tears off of his cheek. “Oh, Tommy,” Wilbur sighed, and he didn’t have the *right*. He’d had the right at one point, but he didn’t have it anymore.

Tommy used to hide his face in Wilbur’s chest when he cried. Fingers would stroke gently through his hair and kisses would be pressed to the top of his head. He’d start to hum a soft song to calm him down while rubbing his back. Tommy ached for that sort of comfort like a starving dog ached for a slab of rotten meat.

But, Wilbur had lost the right to comfort Tommy, and Tommy was determined to bite his fingers off if given the opportunity. He had not forgotten the sting of betrayal even if he’d spent the last year and a half since their last conversation trying to forget the man’s name.

The last time they’d spoken, it had been a fight. It had been a bad one, but Tommy had never thought one bad fight would be reason enough for Wilbur to hate him.

It had been a normal night as far as Tommy was aware, but Tommy hadn’t been aware of a lot of things with regards to Wilbur. He’d climbed out onto the rooftop of his condo building like he had so many other nights before. Years ago, it had been expected, but not guaranteed that Wilbur would show up most nights, but by now, time spent with him and the others was scheduled beforehand. Sometimes, Tommy would go to the vampires’ house or be led to different places and events in town most sensible humans didn’t get to see. Yet, when they just wanted to relax, he and Wilbur would often plan to hang out on the roof like they had since they’d met.

He’d been a bit tired that night. He’d hoped Wilbur would bring his guitar, so Tommy could curl up against his side and relax as he played, but Wilbur had not brought his guitar. He had not been in a mood to let Tommy cuddle up to him.

He’d appeared out of the shadows (earlier than Tommy had been expecting him, because he was routinely running late) with a look on his face that Tommy had never seen before.

“Tommy,” he’d said, in lieu of a greeting. “Did you or did you not join the Hunter’s Society.”

That question had caught Tommy off guard, and the tone of his voice had caught him even more off guard. He had, if he was being honest with himself, expected them to not be overwhelmingly happy if and when they found out he’d trained with hunters, but he hadn’t expected to be confronted by a Wilbur that looked like he could snap someone’s neck. “I…” Tommy had said. “I mean, I’m only in training.”

“And why the *fuck* would you do that?” Wilbur had growled.

“Hey, what’s your problem?” Tommy had asked, getting to his feet.

“What’s my problem? Tommy you’re training to be a vampire hunter! Don’t you know what they do?”

“Yeah. They kill bad vampires.”

“Oh, right, right,” Wilbur had scoffed. “I forgot sometime in the last century they changed their name to ‘bad vampire hunters’. My mistake.”

“What are you... You guys work with them all the time! They don’t go after vampires that don’t deserve it. You’ve been allies with the Hunter’s Society since before I was born. What does it matter to you if I train with them?”

“Tommy, that training is learning how to kill us,” Wilbur had snapped.

“I’m not learning how to kill *you*, Wilbur.”

“Oh, really?” he had asked.

“Yes, really,” Tommy had replied, a little miffed at the accusation, honestly. “You would never hurt me, and I know that, but there are other vampires out there too, bad ones. What happens if I run into one of them? I wanted to know how to protect myself against them and the Hunter’s Academy was the best place to learn it.”

“You don’t need to know how to protect yourself.”

“I almost died when I was 8 when some unattached snuck in.”

“And Technoblade saved you. We will protect you. You don’t need to learn how to use a stake!”

“Technoblade saved me by chance!” Tommy had said. “I can’t just depend on one of you being there all the time. You’re never there during the day. You can’t constantly be around me even at night, and I wouldn’t want you to be anyway. If you didn’t even know I was training with the hunters until now, how do you suppose you’re going to protect me from everything? I have a right to protect myself from vampires that might hurt me!”

“And maybe if you didn’t lie about what you were doing or who you were with, we would be able to protect you all of the time.”

“I didn’t lie,” Tommy had said. “I just didn’t tell you everything about my life. Is that a crime now?”

“When it’s something like this, yes,” Wilbur ground out.

They’d stared at each other for a long moment. “Like you told me you were a vampire.”

His brow had pinched in confusion. “You know.”

“Yeah, because I’m not an idiot,” Tommy had snapped, “because I happened to recognize Technoblade’s face despite only ever seeing it once years before meeting him again. Because I paid attention and figured it out, but you *never* actually told me. This is the first time we’re actually even bringing it up out loud!”

“So? What does it even matter?”

“What does it matter?! What if I hadn’t managed to figure it out? Would you have just let dumb oblivious human Tommy walk around without knowing forever? Am I that unimportant? Just: ‘If he figures it out, he figures it out, but what does it matter either way? Why put effort into it? It’s not like he has the right to know when he spends so much time with me.’”

“That’s different.”

“How is that different?! How is any of this different? Why do you care if I can kill a vampire? Because we both know you can kill me. Why are you the only one with any of the power in our relationship? I trust you every night, Wilbur. Every time you put your arm around me, I trust you not to kill me. Again and again and again I’ve trusted you not to hurt me. Can’t you trust that I wouldn’t try to hurt you?”

“Quit the Hunters Academy,” Wilbur had said instead of addressing anything Tommy had said. “I don’t want you mixed up in all of that.”

“Or what?”

“Don’t test me, Tommy.”

“Fuck off Wilbur. I’m not some dumb pet for you to coddle and tame. I’m not a child who needs to be told what to do all of the time and disciplined when you don’t agree with something I do.”

“You are though,” Wilbur had said, his voice suddenly going from raised and angry to something quieter, but much more dangerous. A cool hand had come up to cup Tommy’s chin. “You are a child. You’re a child by human standards, let alone to me.” Tommy had tried to jerk his head away, but Wilbur hadn’t let him go. Tommy had felt the briefest flash of fear because Wilbur *always* let go. He’d always been too strong for Tommy, and they’d both known it, but he’d never actually used that fact against him.

“Wilbur,” Tommy had said firmly with a frown. “Let me go.”

The vampire had just tilted his head at him as though looking for something on his face.

“W-Wilbur?”

His face had been released then, but Wilbur’s expression hadn’t changed. “You *will* be quitting the Hunters Academy. Tomorrow.”

“I’ll stay in the Academy if I want to,” Tommy had replied.

“Tommy,” he’d said, warningly, but Tommy had never been good at heading warnings, and Wilbur had never given him a cause to do so besides.

“You’re my friend, Will, not my owner. Fuck. Off.”

“Your friend,” Wilbur had replied, something flashing in his eyes. “Is that what I am to you?”

“I...yes?” Tommy had said, thrown by the way Wilbur was looking at him. “I mean, yeah. Right?”

“Well, then, *friend*,” Wilbur had said, and Tommy had not liked how he’d said it, nor had he liked the way his teeth shone a bit in the moonlight. “I guess that’s the end of our conversation.”

He'd turned his back on him then.

"Wilbur, wait," Tommy had said. "You can't just... don't walk away in the middle of this."

"I don't think there's anything more to discuss," Wilbur had said without turning around and then melted back into the darkness like the creature of the night he was leaving Tommy alone.

He'd gotten a text only a few hours later about 30 minutes after the sun had come up. He'd assumed Wilbur had chilled out a bit and wanted to continue their conversation with a clearer head when he'd asked to meet him by the water fountain right after dusk the next evening. Getting the text had made him sigh in relief because, while the fight had been bad, that meant it hadn't actually ruined their entire relationship in one blow.

He hadn't been suspicious when Wilbur hadn't been there right on time. Wilbur tended to be late to everything after all. He hadn't realized something was wrong until he'd been grabbed by arms too strong and cold to be human. Until he'd been bitten and hit and forced to drink human blood because of some hunter's oath of shame or something Tommy didn't even know about if it even still existed in the Hunter's Society he was training under. Until Phil had been there bringing sharp agony and unconsciousness. Until he'd woken changed and exhausted in their house.

"Stop it," he choked in the present as Wilbur released the hold on Tommy's chest and pulled him up into a sitting position. He leaned in to wipe Tommy's face with the sleeve of his sweater.

"Hush," Wilbur replied. "You know I hate to see you cry."

"Liar," Tommy mumbled.

"Hey," Wilbur said, voice a bit harder. He grabbed Tommy's chin to tilt his head up. "No."

"Liar!" Tommy hissed again, rearing back to slap him across the face. He didn't do much damage, but he was sure the message still got across.

"Tom-"

"No! You're a liar! You don't care! Don't you dare say you do. Not after *that*."

"I do care," Wilbur insisted with a frown. He cupped both of Tommy's cheeks. "I love you, sweetheart. Of course, I care," and that hurt most of all out of everything Wilbur had done to him.

Tommy stared at him blankly, refusing to respond. Wilbur tilted his head.

"Why do you think I don't care about you?" he asked.

Tommy had intended to not talk to him anymore, but that question dragged him straight back into the conversation. "Why? Wilbur, are you seriously asking me why I think that? Why I *know* that?"

"Yes," Wilbur said. He still had not relinquished his grip on Tommy's face. "Enlighten me."

Did Tommy need to dig his teeth into Wilbur to make this scene work? No. But really, are they even brothers if one didn't try to take a chunk out of the other's neck as a fledgling? Technoblade would certainly agree that's a necessary part of being Wilbur's brother, I'll tell you that.

Communication

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Why was Tommy certain they didn't give a shit about him? Well, where did he even fucking start? "Where do I even fucking start?" he asked Wilbur, tone laced with bitterness.

"Give me anything," Wilbur urged. His thumb idly traced a circle on Tommy's cheek and Tommy decided he could not tolerate the featherlike touch anymore, jerking his head away. Wilbur took his hand back and set it in his lap at Tommy's rejection, but he didn't take his eyes off of him. "One reason."

Tommy floundered for a moment, mind quickly racing through *everything* that had happened to him. He finally settled on one that left a sour taste in his mouth and a sting of betrayal in his chest, but that did not lap at his self-control with panic inducing waves upon thinking about it. "Well," he replied. "I'm a vampire now, aren't I?"

In truth, Tommy had thought about becoming a vampire once or twice when he was human. After all, it's the first thing one thinks about when they realize their best friend and his family are immortal vampires. Of course, even he knew it was dangerous to turn people too young, and he'd been just at the age where turning him was even viable as younger children would almost always just die. Most vampires refrained from turning anyone under 20 or so because fledglings younger than that were often a lot less stable physically and mentally. The SBI had never even mentioned the idea, so any thoughts he'd had that they'd eventually want to turn him had been put away for far in the future. He'd never thought it would be a surprise, let alone so fast, between one blink and the next, and while he was restrained callously to a table. He'd thought he'd be prepared if he ever gave up his humanity. He thought he'd be giving up his humanity, not having it taken from him.

"You are," Wilbur confirmed, a bit of caution in his tone. "I get the sense you're not pleased about that fact."

"Oh, and I wonder why not?" he said acridly. "Why wouldn't I like to not be able to go out in the sun? Why wouldn't I love that almost all food tastes like shit now, and I have to figure out how to get my hands on adult vampire blood on my own if I don't want to starve? I particularly enjoy there's some," he poked himself in the forehead, "stupid vampire brain or whatever that's constantly trying to take over and make me do shit I don't want to do. That's all real fun."

"...Only one of those four things are actually supposed to be consequences of turning into a vampire."

"Yeah, well, all four of them are your fault," he accused, and the harshness in his voice managed to illicit a minimal amount of annoyance in Wilbur's face.

"I get you're not happy about it," he said, "but there really wasn't another option."

"Oh, there wasn't?" Tommy asked skeptically. "Phil just had to dig his teeth into my neck and inject venom into my blood without warning?"

"Tommy, you were already turning when Phil bit you," Wilbur said.

Tommy paused. "What do you mean I was already turning?" he asked.

Wilbur looked at him, and he had that wants-to-reach-out-and-touch look on his face, but he managed to restrain himself for the moment. “That bite that won’t close on your side,” he explained slowly, and Tommy tensed, hand coming up automatically to cup a hand over it protectively. Wilbur watched the move with a dark glint in his eyes. “It was an attempted turning bite. You had to have noticed it was different than everything else even if you didn’t know what it was.” It had been different. At that point, the days or weeks he’d been there had started to blur together and every other added wound had just melted into the hazy fog of pain almost immediately, but that one had been different: sharp and burning. It had felt like it was consuming him slowly. “That’s why it hasn’t healed properly. There’s probably still venom in it keeping it open. It eventually needs to be lanced, but no one wanted to add another open wound when you were injured, and it was mostly stable.”

“But then,” Tommy said. “If I was already being turned, why did Phil bite me too?”

Wilbur scowled, and it was a nasty thing with a hint of fang showing when his lip curled up. “Well, that,” he gestured at where the wound was and Tommy tightened his hold over it, “is not exactly where a changing bite is supposed to go, is it?” Well, Tommy did not actually know that, but most of the time he heard about people getting bitten on the neck and that is what Phil did to turn him. “It was in the flesh instead of the vein,” Wilbur explained, “and I have no doubts they used the minimum amount of venom that would turn someone. It was placed to be slow and painful, taking a long time to work its way to your heart, and it was done by someone who had been...” he trailed off. “Phil’s bite sped it up, so it was a fast pain and then unconsciousness. He also managed to become your sire instead of the first one who bit you. You were still just barely early enough in the change to let his claim beat out theirs, but we were worried at the time you wouldn’t be. It was probably the only benefit of how slowly it was going at first.” He tilted his head at Tommy. “I’m surprised you even remember Phil biting you; you were so out of it by that point. We didn’t think you’d even notice it happening.”

Tommy mulled over this new explanation, trying to see if it fit with what he remembered. It was true that the bite was different, and the pain Phil’s bite had brought, which was definitely a turning bite, had been the same type if a bit of a more suddenly intense pain.

So, okay, cool. They’d decided to only put him through a slow turning for a little bit and then have mercy? No, that didn’t quite fit with how Wilbur said it. Maybe the other people who’d been helping them out got ahead of themselves and started turning him without permission, so they had to fix it. Either way... “Well, forgive me if I don’t thank him for it.”

Wilbur squinted at him. “I don’t understand,” he said. “You’re... mad at *Phil* now? Where did this come from? You seemed fine with Phil and Techno when you woke up. You were a little pissy with me, but you still let me be around you. Now you’re pissed at everyone and trying to bite me?”

“When I woke up?” Tommy asked, confused. “Like... from the change?”

“Yeah.”

“I didn’t see any of you after I woke up,” Tommy said. “I woke up alone.”

“I...” Wilbur hesitated. “That is *literally* just not true.”

“This is *literally* the first time I’ve seen you since our fight,” Tommy corrected, annoyed. What the fuck was he playing at?

“Tommy, you were with us for almost two weeks and awake the whole time. Well, not the whole time, you slept for a lot of it since you were injured and newly changed, but you were awake quite a bit

between feeding and just wanting to sit up for a bit. I mean, you didn't talk much, but that was to be expected considering all of... that."

"Two weeks?" Tommy asked.

"Almost."

"But I was only missing for two weeks," he said.

"Yes?"

"I thought..." Tommy struggled. "I'd thought all of... *that* was longer."

"Well, I mean, that makes sense, I guess, because it was *bad*, so it'd feel longer and you were heavily out of it by the time we got there, but we found you by the end of the night you went missing. It took you a day and a half to wake up for the first time, but you were with us and aware for the rest of the time. Almost two weeks."

"I... you're lying," Tommy accused.

Wilbur just furrowed his brow, for all the world seeming genuinely perplexed. "You don't remember?" he asked, and Tommy thought he must be lying. He had to be acting, but then he took a moment to think about the timeline in his head versus the one Wilbur had just presented. He'd been injured heavily before his turning. It had been much worse than how he'd been injured a few days ago. He didn't understand a lot about vampire biology still, but he did know that he healed a lot easier now than he did when he was a younger fledgling. Which, it made sense that the longer you were a vampire, the faster you healed.

His body was just now starting to work on healing the non-life-threatening injuries from a few days ago. Yes, he'd been half starved when he'd been injured, meaning it would take longer to heal, but they'd fed him well since. Still, it was looking like it'd be a week to be healed enough to walk around on his own.

Yet, when he'd woken changed the first time, he'd been mostly healed. He'd been a bit achy and weak, but his wounds had all been closed bar the one bite on his side. He's pretty sure he'd even started out with some broken bones that had been fixed by the time he'd woken.

If the timeline Tommy had in his head was accurate, he shouldn't have even been able to *move* when he woke up let alone escape the house and get back to his apartment. Wilbur's timeline however... did fit. How he'd felt did match up with having healed for two weeks or so. Of course, that didn't mean he'd been awake for any of that time. He could have been in a coma the whole time because of how injured he was, but then again, knowing how vampire healing worked, it would have healed whatever was forcing him to be in a coma first before it healed things like bruises and shallow cuts. Or they could have drugged him to keep him asleep, but why would they do that when he was injured and then *not* when he was healed and *then* leave him alone? Tommy searched his mind for other possibilities that made more sense than Wilbur telling the truth, but he could not find any that fit right with the information Tommy knew as fact.

Okay, but what did that mean? It meant the amount of time Tommy had been tortured was less than he'd estimated, less than one night if Wilbur was to be believed. It still didn't make it better, because just because Tommy was only tortured for a night did not mean it didn't hurt the same amount. It was still a horrible thing to do to him.

Then his head caught on something else.

“What do you mean by you found me?”

“I... mean Techno, Phil, and I... found you. What do you mean?”

“Like you were looking for me.”

“Yes?”

“Like you didn’t know where I was.”

“Well, no, obviously not. You didn’t show up to the meeting spot.”

“I did,” Tommy said numbly.

“Sure, but at the time, I showed up and you weren’t there, and I assumed you didn’t come at all. I went to your apartment, because I knew we needed to talk about the fight, and I didn’t want to leave it another night even if you were still mad and didn’t want to talk to me. You weren’t there though, and I learned you had left an hour before to come meet me, so I figured out pretty quickly something was wrong and called Phil and Techno. Luckily the people who took you were more concerned with making a statement than covering their tracks and we were able to find them after a bit of looking.”

“So, you’re saying that a group of random vampires came into your territory and kidnapped me without your knowledge.”

“Yes. Why?” Wilbur hesitated. “As opposed to what?”

“Well, you were awfully angry, Wilbur,” Tommy said, keeping his tone perfectly even, “and then I showed up to the place you asked me to meet you, but you weren’t the one to show up. Then, everything was a bit fuzzy, but I do remember them prattling on about punishments and hunters basically the whole time which was what you were so angry about the night before. And then, you were all there. So, I’m not 100% sure if I should believe your account of the events.”

The accusation hung in the air for a moment, and Wilbur clearly was shocked, though there was no way to tell if he was shocked because of what Tommy had said or because Tommy had been able to piece it together. “You think that I had something to do with it,” he stated, and his voice was eerily calm for either option. It seemed it hadn’t quite sunk in yet.

“Did you?”

“No,” was the immediate answer. “Shit, Tommy, no. *Obviously* not.”

“Is it fucking obvious, Will?” Tommy snapped, “because the last time we spoke, it was you scolding your pet human.”

Anger flashed across his face, and he opened his mouth to say something, but closed it again before speaking. He then closed his eyes and was silent for a long moment.

“What are you doing?” Tommy asked.

“The last time I opened my mouth in front of you while emotional, I fucked up, which is something I was well aware of *before* coming in here,” he said. He sighed and opened his eyes to look at Tommy. “My intentions even then were not to imply you were pet or lesser or anything because you were

human. It was just... you were a kid and you'd basically signed up for war without me knowing, when you were, fucking, 14 apparently, and I have a bit of a *thing* against hunters' organizations because of Technoblade, and I know the academy is probably structured differently now, but I still, admittedly did not take it well that you'd joined it."

"What about Techno?"

"He was a hunter for about a decade before he met Phil. That's how he injured the eye that doesn't work right, and not because a vampire attacked him. He got it during training when his mentor went overboard, which is part of the reason I freaked out on you so bad. The hunters' organization here is different, but it's still not great. Like, even with you a few days ago, they attacked *you*, a random bystander just because you were a vampire, and they did it on our territory where they're not even supposed to be hunting without our permission according to the treaty we have with them. There are all sorts of things going on behind the scenes there you couldn't have known about that were dangerous. I have realized since that I probably should have said *that* instead of going straight for accusations, but I was letting my emotions take over. The point is, I was worried you'd get hurt and acted like a dick, but I certainly wouldn't want to hurt you myself."

It was everything Tommy had never let himself want to hear. Fuck did he want to believe it, but should he?

Tommy looked at him, watching his face carefully. "Say you were a dick again."

He gave an amused huff. "I was a dick," he said, "and I'm sorry. Even that night, I'd realized I'd been a dick and wanted to apologize, but things went wrong before that could happen."

Tommy paused. "Are you lying?" he asked.

"No. I'm not lying."

"Because you can't be lying," Tommy said. "Because if you are, I won't be able to... I can't..."

Instead of saying anything this time, Wilbur just opened his arms, and after a moment of hesitation, it ended up being way too tempting. Tommy scooted closer across the bed and let himself be wrapped up into a hug

"I can't take you hurting me," Tommy divulged, screwing his eyes shut and hoping it wouldn't be used against him later. "Not, you, Will," he choked. "I can't..."

"Never, Tommy, never." He pressed a kiss to the top of his head and Tommy broke.

"Everything hurts," Tommy sobbed into his chest. "Everything hurts all of the time and I'm miserable and scared and so *lonely*. There's a voice in my head that's not me and it's either just wailing incomprehensibly or it's trying to get me to do things I don't understand, and I don't want to do. I don't even feel like I'm me anymore half the time. Everything feels wrong and tastes wrong and sounds wrong. I'm exhausted, but I can't even sleep through the day, and I missed you. I missed you so bad. Please, *please* don't be lying. Please love me."

"It's okay," Wilbur replied as Tommy continued to cry. "I love you. We'll fix it. You'll be okay."

And Tommy hoped he wouldn't regret believing it.

Chapter End Notes

Look guys! Communication!

...

There is no ominous pissed off Tubbo lingering in the background in Ba Sing Se

Demands

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur let him cry until he'd worn himself numb and even then, he did not draw away. He rocked back and forth softly with Tommy limp in his arms, a hand constantly either rubbing his back or scratching lightly through his hair. He was probably waiting for Tommy to pull away from him, but he was nowhere near in a state where he felt like he could do so even once he ran out of tears. So, he stayed. He needed this moment like a sudden pocket of air while drowning even if it ended up running out quickly. He tucked his face into the vampire's shoulder and refused to move until something made him.

He had no idea how long they stayed like that. Eventually, the desperate need to be held softened a bit and he sort of slumped against Wilbur, letting his mind go fuzzy and a bit sleepy. Every so often, Wilbur would hum a tune, never committing to an actual full song, and it only served to make Tommy's mind fuzzier.

It fed some aching part of him that Phil and Techno had never been able to do anything more than touch briefly in the last few days, because Tommy had refused to let them anywhere near it, far too hurt and far too scared. Even curled up with Tubbo there had always been something missing because, no matter that every part of him had decided Tubbo was coven, he was still human and simply did not understand sometimes or know what to do. Tommy didn't know if he should be letting Wilbur near this part of him, but there was nothing he could do at this point.

He was so distracted by the fuzziness and his muted fear of this vulnerability that he didn't even hear the footsteps approaching until the door clicked open. He startled, coming back out of his weird daze suddenly, but Wilbur just guided his head back into the crock of his neck and rubbed his back a few times. "It's alright," he said. "Just Tech."

His adrenaline sharpened mind confirmed Wilbur's statement in the same moment the words left his lips. Tommy slumped again when it processed, mind quickly going back to its sleepy state.

"Oh?" Techno's voice questioned as the door clicked closed again.

Wilbur hummed into his hair. "Tommy and I had a bit of a talk, and we've calmed down a bit now, yeah, Toms?"

"Mmm," he answered.

A familiar hand carefully touched the back of his head, and Tommy's mind went even more fizzy. Techno's fingers carded through his hair softly. The touch muted his anxieties even more than just Wilbur's had, leaving them weak little niggling protests in the back of his mind while the rest of him wanted to melt into the comfort desperately. This, he knew distantly, was what he had been afraid of, what he'd fought Techno and Phil on so hard. And he wanted it so bad. There was no place for fear here.

"Feeling better?" Techno asked. Having a question directed at him anchored him back to the real world just the smallest amount.

"I think," he replied after a moment of thought.

“No tears, huh?” he asked.

Before Tommy could answer, his mind latched onto the way Wilbur’s shoulder and head shifted slightly under him. The hand in his hair stuttered briefly before returning to the petting he’d been doing. Tommy’s eyes narrowed suddenly. *Hey, wait a minute.*

“Don’ ... don’t do that weird fucking twin speak thing about me behind my back.”

A chuckle rumbled through the chest Tommy was leaning on and Wilbur was suddenly pulling away a bit, though he did not at all release him. “Sorry, Toms,” he said, eyes sparkling a bit. “I forgot you’re actually good at catching onto our bullshit unlike some people around here.”

That was not an apology for doing it. That was an apology for being caught. Tommy hissed at him, bearing his fangs, quite impressively, if he did say so himself.

“You have a bite mark on your neck,” Techno pointed out, noticing the mark that matched Tommy’s now bared teeth on Wilbur’s neck. The bite there was a bit different from a feeding bite which often healed quickly. Feeding bites were meant to be straight and precise into a vein and the act of drinking automatically released a numbing and healing agent that worked pretty okay on humans and basically healed vampires completely in a few seconds. Tommy had intentionally torn jaggedly into Wilbur’s neck and hadn’t fed, which meant there was no healing. Thus, the mark was still bleeding steadily.

“Mmm, yeah,” Wilbur said, unconcerned. “Someone’s a little bit feral, but that’s just our Tommy, yeah.” He pinched Tommy’s cheek like a dick. Tommy snapped his jaw threateningly at his fingers, but Wilbur just sort of wiggled them tauntingly out of reach.

“I’ll bite you again,” Tommy threatened.

“Sure, you will.”

Oh, Tommy was going to *bite* him.

“Did you know I attack bit him once too when I was a fledgling about your age?” Techno asked, disrupting Tommy’s plans for homicide. “He deserves it sometimes.”

“Hey!”

“You did?” Tommy asked. He tilted his head back to see Techno’s face.

Techno leaned down to settle his chin on Tommy’s shoulder. “He was taking far too much pride in being the stronger twin for once since he was an adult vampire.” There was a flash of teeth directed at Wilbur. “So, I tackled him to remind him that I could take out adult vampires even as a human.”

“Bastard,” Wilbur said. “Want to go?”

“Improved recently?” Techno asked skeptically. Wilbur frowned at him, and Tommy laughed. “Anyway, we are still trying to explain the Cain instinct to Phil to this day.”

“Good for you Technoblade,” Tommy said, nodding approvingly.

“Hey, I thought I was the favorite today,” Wilbur pouted.

Tommy looked him over for a few seconds. “Nah,” he said. “Techno and I are in the biting the fuck out of Wilbur party.” He raised a fist to Technoblade. “Fist bump,” he said when clearly Techno was

confused and Technoblade obliged. “Yes! Biting the Fuck Out of Wilbur Party! Wilburs cannot join.”

“Hmm,” Wilbur said. “What if I give you food?”

“I cannot be bribed.”

“I’ll make you some soup. I brought some from the kitchen. It’s in the other room,” he tempted.

Tommy glowered at him.

“I’ll even put some solid foods in it today,” he said.

Tommy tilted his head. “I’m listening.”

Wilbur smiled at him and scooted over to the edge of the bed to get to his feet. “Your ride,” he said opening his arms dramatically. Tommy rolled his eyes, but also scooted over to the edge of the bed so Wilbur could swoop him up into his arms.

“One day soon I will be able to walk,” Tommy said, meeting his eyes, “and on that day, I will kick you.”

“Uh huh,” Wilbur replied. Tommy was going to bite him *and* kick him.

Technoblade opened the door for the two of them and they stepped left and through two archways to get to their destination. Wilbur had a fucking kitchen in his rooms. It was a small one that really only had a sink, two burners, and a small fridge with no oven and not much counterspace, but for a vampire, that was like having a horse stable in your bedroom. Just. *Why?*

The room itself was set up like some college student’s first apartment with the kitchen area being in the same room as a mini living room, the tile transitioning to carpeting halfway through. Of course, it was also nothing like a college student’s apartment because they were fucking rich, and so everything was the best possible equipment. Plus, it wasn’t an apartment. It was one room of many, many rooms.

Wilbur took him over to a futon that was softer than probably most people’s beds and set him down. Everything was fine until Wilbur went to pull away.

Tommy bit down hard on his lower lip to stop the whimper from leaving his lips as he was released. He’d hoped that maybe now that he’d let himself be coddled and held by a coven member for once, the idiotic baby vampire would give him a break, but apparently not. In fact, it may have whined more at the loss of contact for having had it.

Wilbur must have noticed something was off because his hands were back on Tommy’s shoulders a moment later, bringing relief and a whole lot of embarrassment. “What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Nothing,” Tommy said quickly.

“That doesn’t seem like it was nothing,” Wilbur said. “Come on. I can’t help you if you don’t tell me what’s wrong.”

Tommy looked down, picking at the soft fabric under him. “It’s throwing a tantrum,” he finally said, voice lowered.

“What is?”

“The fucking,” he muttered under his breath, “baby vampire in my head. It’s mad you let go.”

“Aw, you don’t want me to leave you?” Wilbur cooed.

“It’s not *me*,” he choked out, tears prickling his eyes instantly to his humiliation.

Wilbur’s face sobered immediately. “Oh, I’m sorry, honey,” he said softly. “We’ll figure that one out, yeah? For now, though, how can I fix it?”

Tommy shrugged. “I’ll be fine,” he said. “Hasn’t killed me yet.”

Wilbur frowned at him and squeezed his shoulders. “No, we’re not doing that,” he said. “You want Tech while I’m gone, maybe?”

Yes. Tommy thought. *Yes, yes, yes.*

And he must have been projecting his thoughts pretty hard because Wilbur glanced over his shoulder. “Hey, Techno, can you sit with Tommy while I get him food ready?”

“Sure,” Technoblade agreed, coming farther into the room to sit next to Tommy on the futon. He was big enough and it was small enough that it was a pretty good excuse for Tommy to curl into the older vampire a bit. Technoblade brought his arm up to gather him into a loose hug and Tommy went willingly, ending up in a similar position to how he was with Wilbur on the bed, but slightly more to the side.

He heard as Wilbur went around to grab things from the fridge. Tommy peeked over Techno’s shoulder to see that Wilbur had brought a container of broth big enough for about one or two servings of soup from their larger kitchen as well as individually wrapped small portions of all of the soup ingredients. He was apparently planning to cut those fresh right now to put in the soup because, you know, he was an absolute wanker. Tommy sighed and settled against Technoblade. Soup was going to be a while.

The current problem with Technoblade, Tommy would find after only a few minutes, was something that wasn’t usually a problem. That being, Technoblade was good at soft, calm, silences. Unfortunately, that gave Tommy’s mind plenty of time to grow uncomfortably aware of conversations that hadn’t happened yet as well as to recall all of the ways this could still be an elaborate trap. Wilbur was good at being distracting. He was always moving or humming or mumbling, and it kept Tommy’s mind off of all of that stuff until he could slip into that dazed sort of comfortable that had been happening before Technoblade came in. Wilbur was, in fact, still humming now while he chopped a carrot, but it was too far away.

Tommy’s hand clenched in Technoblade’s shirt a bit desperately as he tried to force himself calm, his head slotted over the man’s shoulder and his eyes closed.

“Hey,” Techno said, noticing his distress. “What can I do? What do you need? What do you want?”

“I...” Tommy said, but in truth the questions themselves were already calming Tommy down a bit. That was Techno as Tommy had always known him. He didn’t always know what to do when people were upset or hurt, but he was willing to do whatever you needed. You just had to tell him. “I...” Tommy thought. What did he need or want? He needed a way to convince himself that Technoblade and Wilbur were being for real. That it wasn’t all a game, and they weren’t going to rip it out from under him at any moment. He wanted... He tilted slightly to the side to whisper, “I want a pizza.”

Techno gave a startled and amused huff of breath. “Wilbur is just now letting you graduate from broth to soup, Tommy,” he whispered back.

“And?”

“You would throw it up immediately.”

“Nah,” Tommy breathed. “I’ve got a strong stomach, me.”

“Remember the strawberry ice cream incident?” he asked. Tommy did, in fact, remember said incident. It had been a *great* couple of days. Well, no, it had been shit with the whole throwing up part, but he’d been 13 and had more often than not been on his own while sick during his childhood. It had been nice being fawned over by all three of them in their different ways. Phil had been calm and soft. Wilbur had freaked and acted like he had the plague. And Technoblade? Technoblade’s way of dealing with a sick human was to just... give in to every one of said human’s demands. Tommy had demanded ice cream, as one does when 13 and being offered a favor by the scariest vampire in the city (for humans. It turned out Phil was the scariest to the vampires.).

“I was 13 and human,” Tommy whined. “Plus, I had a stomach bug. You really shouldn’t have listened to me on that one.”

“And I should this time?”

“Yes!”

“Phil would disown me,” he stated, blandly. “Wilbur would kill me.”

“Pizza,” Tommy chanted quietly into his ear. “Pizza. Pizza.”

He sighed. “What kind of pizza would you like to puke up all over the floors?”

“Pepperoni with green olives and extra cheese. Plus, a bag of those little red pepper flake things. On the side though.”

“Noted.”

Tommy grinned. “This is why you’re my favorite.”

Techno chuffed in amusement, leaning his head over so it bumped into Tommy’s, and Tommy was able to relax a bit more against him.

At least for a little while.

Chapter End Notes


Poor, poor, Phil was an only child who grew up mostly with vampires who were much older than him and absolutely not allowed to touch him roughly ever. He does not understand the Cain instinct. Wilbur and Techno though? They understand the Cain instinct. They live it every day. Phil tears out his hair in confusion. Why are they attacking each other? Why are they laughing two seconds later? Why are they laughing at *me* now?

...

Wait... did you guys think... sorry did you guys think the Tubbo foreshadowing on the last chapter meant he'd appear in this one? After I gave you the same cliff hanger, like, three times in a row with Wilbur? No, no, I was just reminding you Tubbo existed! While we have all of this nice fluff and healing! >:D

Anyway.

Therapist: Ominous Tubbo in the background is not real. It cannot hurt you.

Ominous Tubbo: 

Twisted Ankles; Bloodied Knees

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy had just about fallen asleep in Technoblade's arms by the time Wilbur finished chopping the vegetables. Techno let a hand drift up to play with his hair a bit, and that seemed to push him all the way over the edge into slumber. He went limp, his forehead slipping from Techno's shoulder to the back of the futon. It was the first time he'd willingly fallen asleep in anyone's presence since his return. Techno carefully shifted him around, so his head was once again cushioned on Techno's shoulder and his neck wasn't craned awkwardly.

Once he finished putting the last of the vegetables into the boiling broth, Wilbur placed the cutting board and the knife in the sink carefully, tuned into what was happening with Tommy enough to know he'd fallen asleep and not wanting to wake him with clanking. Then, he rounded the futon to take a seat on the coffee table in front of them. His eyes focused in on Tommy, concern clear in his gaze.

"He's exhausted," Wilbur informed Technoblade in a whisper as though Techno wouldn't have noticed with the kid literally dead to the world in his arms.

"He's been... having some sort of time," Techno said. Tommy reacted to the rumble of his voice in his sleep, shifting with a soft huff to press his face into Techno's neck as though searching for the source of sound.

Wilbur tapped a pattern out with his fingers on his knee, an action that he used to do constantly, but that vampire instincts had slowly soothed away until he only did it when particularly anxious.

Something had clearly happened between him and Tommy before Techno came around. Even if Wilbur hadn't made it obvious, the fact that Tommy wasn't currently throwing things, crying, or trying to bite anyone proved that.

He'd been notably different from the moment Techno had entered the bedroom to check on them. He'd been aware enough curled up in Wilbur's lap to startle when the door opened unlike the time he'd been passed out in Phil's arms, but despite being fully conscious, he'd not been trying to piss off everything in sight. A novelty. He'd seemed tired, even a little dazed when Techno had approached, but honestly, he'd been more normal than he'd been the entire time since Techno had found him.

Apparently, Wilbur was a miracle worker, he'd thought, until his brother had looked up at him. Something was wrong, which Technoblade had been able to guess himself, of course, but something was *really* wrong. More wrong than Technoblade had even thought to anticipate.

I have the answer to all of your questions, the look had said, *and you're really not going to like it.*

But, before he could actually question Wilbur about it, Tommy had suddenly been there for real, fully awake and fully normal Tommy talking to them almost like nothing had happened, though something was still there under the surface and wrong. Still, he'd been leveling threats of physical violence at Wilbur when Wilbur was being too clingy and trying to talk Techno into getting them both in trouble because he wanted something he should absolutely not have.

"What happened?" Techno asked Wilbur now.

Wilbur pursed his lips and pulled his phone out of his pocket without a verbal answer, but Techno knew what he was saying. They'd wait for Phil.

Techno glanced over at Tommy's sleeping face. (Ugh. He was drooling on Technoblade now.) "Will he..." be alright with Phil coming in here?

Wilbur nodded once. *Probably*. Whatever they'd worked through apparently didn't extend just to him willingly clinging to Wilbur and Techno but meant Wilbur had at least somewhat alleviated whatever his issue was with Phil as well.

Techno rubbed his knuckles along the kid's spine and there was a puff of breath against his neck.

Wilbur glanced at his phone once more. "Couple minutes," he said.

"Should we wake him up?"

"Probably."

Techno turned his attention to Tommy. "Tommy, wake up," he said softly, but he did not react. Techno shifted and pushed him away a bit to try to stir him and he blinked open his eyes. His gaze was cloudy like he wasn't quite all there when he looked up at Techno and he immediately tried to fold himself back into Techno's grip. "No, Tommy," he said a bit amused and a bit worried. "You're going to have to be awake for this."

"Mmm?" His eyes flickered closed again, and he slumped against Techno the best he could despite being held away by Techno's palm on his chest.

Techno shot a concerned look at Wilbur and Wilbur considered them for a couple of seconds before reaching forward to poke Tommy's cheek. "Be nice, Techno. It's baby nap time," he said.

Apparently, Wilbur being a prick was Tommy's wake-up button because he seemed to turn on all of a sudden. Techno watched as he blinked twice, and his expression went from distant and hazy to sharp. He'd sat up before Wilbur could so much as pull his hand away and had reached out to slap the offending finger away. "I'm not a baby! Shut your mouth you fucking prick!" He jerked forward as though to launch himself at Wilbur and Techno just barely managed to restrain him with an arm around his waist. "Lemme go!" he demanded of Techno, scratching at the air in Wilbur's direction with his baby claws. "I'll fucking clart him!"

Wilbur just sat back with a satisfied expression and a laugh.

"Techno, let me go," Tommy barked.

"No," Techno said. "You're still recovering. No murdering Wilbur."

Tommy leaned back, looked him in the eyes, and hissed at him.

"Calm down," Techno said, trying to not smile. "I'll help you beat him up later."

Tommy's nose twitched as he considered the offer. "I get first hit?"

"Of course," Techno agreed easily. "I'll hold him for you."

"Hmm... okay," he agreed, giving up on straining against Techno's grip for the moment.

“You both suck,” Wilbur complained.

Tommy stuck his tongue out at him, and Wilbur narrowed his eyes. He very obviously feigned a lunge as though to grab Tommy who responded by squeaking and pulling his legs and arms back in to curl into Techno for protection. Technoblade chose to indulge both of them by extending one arm and grabbing Wilbur’s entire face in his palm to hold him back.

This very dignified position was, of course, what Phil walked in on.

“What’s going on here?” Phil interrupted voice legitimately alarmed at the scene. Techno couldn’t help but be amused at him clearly not understanding why Techno was so calm about the fact that he was currently holding Wilbur back from seemingly wanting to claw Tommy’s eyes out.

“Hey Phil,” Techno said nonchalantly, though he seemed to be the only one unaffected by their sire’s sudden presence. Tommy curled into Techno a little more, doing his best to hide. Fair. He’d been an actual bastard the last couple of days, though Techno doubted any of that was on Phil’s mind at the moment considering the last time he’d seen Tommy awake, the fledgling had been panicking himself into unconsciousness. Wilbur pulled away from where he’d been willingly smushing his face against Techno’s hand and sat back, a grimace on his face.

“Hey Phil...” Wilbur echoed Technoblade in word if not in tone. “We should probably talk.”

Phil’s eyes flickered to Tommy who was resolutely staring at his hands and failing at pretending to not be anxious about wherever this conversation was going.

“Maybe just sit down,” Wilbur suggested.

Phil nodded. Awkwardly, Wilbur had not chosen the best room for this conversation. The only seat was the futon, and Techno really hoped it was strong enough to hold two and three-quarters grown men as Phil sat down next to Techno and Tommy, his leg brushing Techno’s outer thigh. Wilbur himself stayed perched perilously on the edge of the coffee table, his knees knocking with Techno’s.

“So...” Wilbur started, a pinched expression on his face, and oh, Technoblade recognized that look.

That was not the sheepish expression Wilbur might wear when he did something he knew he should not have. It wasn’t ‘Oops, did I just trample over this ancient vampire custom you told me about 5000 times before this meeting?’ or ‘Honestly, Phil, I liberated that guitar from that performer. He was an asshole and wasn’t even playing it right!’ or even, ‘Wait, I was supposed to tell Technoblade to be on this boat? This one? Huh.’ No, it was a different expression entirely.

It was the expression he’d worn when they’d been 8. He’d just been a bit sickly then (more ill in the falls and winters and less when the warmth of summer came about) instead of just plain sick. Even at that young age, Techno had been the stronger of the two, starting to help work in the fields a bit while Wilbur often stayed home and helped do their mother’s work, or more often, simply did their mother’s work even while hacking until he could not breathe some days. So, Techno had learned from a young age to restrain his strength in play; Wilbur had learned no such lesson.

The expression he wore now was the same as the time where he’d had to explain to the local Innkeeper, an old man who had been the closest they’d had to a parental (or more accurately grandparental) figure until Phil, why he’d half carried his brother to the Inn bloody, dirty, and crying. Wilbur had shoved Techno down a small hill, and he’d sprained his ankle and bloodied his knees and hands. Wilbur had immediately felt horribly guilty, and Techno had been in pain. The only solution

was to beg for help from the Innkeeper even though that meant Wilbur admitting to his crimes. Hence, that expression. An expression that said...

"I messed up." Before Phil could get his mouth open to ask what Wilbur meant by that, he'd plowed forward. "See, I didn't think it was important to tell you because I didn't think it mattered at the time. It was unrelated and it was fine, and we'd deal with it later when things were better, but I was apparently wrong and..."

"Wilbur," Phil interrupted. "A bit more explanation, please."

Wilbur tapped his fingers against his knee. "Right," he said. "Right, so, you know how Tommy, uh, went missing?"

A pause. Phil's face was unreadable, not that it mattered for Wilbur's speech because Wilbur was resolute in looking away from him. Tommy had tucked his face away into Techno's chest, but he was also clearly listening intently to the conversation. "I do recall," Phil said.

"So, funny story." It was clear from his posture and tone of voice that whatever the story was, it wasn't 'funny' in the slightest. "Me and Tommy sort of got into a fight the night before that." Tommy was tense in Techno's grip. Techno tapped his back a couple of times hoping he'd get the silent message to keep breathing. Air blew across his skin the next moment.

"A fight?" Phil asked curiously.

"And I may have said a couple of things that I shouldn't have said that could easily be misinterpreted in some very negative ways especially with the context of a limited view of the next night's events."

"Like what?"

"I... well, I found out that Tommy had been training with the Hunter's Academy."

"You didn't tell me?" Phil asked immediately.

"No," Wilbur said with a wince. "I just immediately went to pick a fight with Tommy." And, oh, Techno could just imagine how much of an idiot he'd been about it. Wilbur was overly emotionally when he didn't think it through first and he'd taken it upon himself to be resentful of vampire hunters as a whole in Techno's stead since Techno himself really, really didn't care anymore. "It was a bad fight."

"Okay," Phil said. "And?"

"And," Wilbur said, grimacing, "because of that fight, and how angry I was combined with the fact that he was supposed to be meeting me when he was kidnapped, he was under the impression that I... and by association, we, had arranged... that."

A summary of the next chapter:



PHIL
WHO MADE THE CHILD GO FERAL FOR SEEMINGLY NO REASON



178

79K

70K



PHIL

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Embrace the Change

Chapter Notes

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It was quiet after Wilbur told Phil and Techno about Tommy's understanding of the events leading up to his turning. He listened intently to the silence with bated breath even while he kept his face hidden in Techno's chest. If there was any indication that Phil was not surprised by Tommy's conclusion when Wilbur had acted like he was, Tommy wasn't sure what he'd do. Probably he'd break in half for what felt like the millionth time. And then he'd probably bite Technoblade.

Then, Phil spoke in an icy tone that made the baby vampire want to curl up into a little ball even though Tommy was fully aware he was not being addressed. He pretended to compromise with the vampire instincts by staying curled up into Techno, maybe by pressing a bit closer to him. Techno patted his back in that awkward way he sometimes did in response. Joke was on the dumb fucking baby though because Tommy hadn't been planning to look at Phil during any part of this conversation anyway. "What exactly did you say to him?" Phil asked Wilbur.

"I really, really did not think it had anything to do with anything," Wilbur swore. "I mean, we didn't even know he'd ran away until a few days ago. How was I supposed to know it was important to tell you? How was I supposed to know he would think that?"

"Wilbur," Phil said warningly.

"...I may have implied that he wasn't equipped to make his own decisions, and that since I'm older and a vampire, he had to do what I said, and there would be consequences if he didn't. Which, considering the following night, weren't the best implications to make."

There was a moment's pause. "Okay," said Phil. "Why the fuck would you say that to a human teenager? Why the fuck would you say that to *Tommy*?"

"I didn't mean it!"

"Wilbur. Shut up." Wilbur apparently did have some braincells despite what Tommy liked to tell him most of the time, because not a sound came from in front of Tommy and Techno after that.

Techno patted Tommy's back again which is when Tommy realized he'd clenched his hands in the man's shirt. "Well," Techno said in the resulting silence, "that might explain one or two things."

Tommy wasn't looking, but he was sure the silence above his head did not indicate there was no communication going on. He felt Techno move under him after a moment as he shrugged his shoulders in response to whatever look Phil was giving him. Phil sighed then.

Tommy froze as he was addressed. "Tommy," Phil said, and his voice was softer, holding none of the anger he'd aimed towards Wilbur before, but the baby vampire was still a little leery and Tommy had to agree. They both decided in tandem that, no actually, they were going to stay right like this, perfectly well hidden from their sire's regard.

Unfortunately, their hiding spot was a fucking traitor.

Technoblade shifted, gently forcing him back so his face wasn't pressed against the fabric of his shirt. Tommy hissed lightly at being manhandled but didn't resist being turned around even though he didn't really want to. Phil was looking at him and, well, he didn't look like someone who'd orchestrated Tommy's kidnapping and torture and then turned him to scorn him. He looked like a really sad Phil.

"Hi there," he said once Tommy's face was revealed to him.

"Hey," Tommy said, unsure what else to say in this weird ass situation.

"So, is that why you've been so pissed?" he asked. "You thought we were the ones that hurt you?"

Tommy swallowed and nodded.

"We didn't," he said as Tommy searched his face for any signs of deceit. "I've never wanted something like that to happen to you, I swear. I wouldn't want you hurt for any reason, and I promise none of us would have ever done something like that to you. I hate that that was how you were turned, and I've wished every day since it could have been different. You weren't even old enough for me to start talking about the possibility of changing you yet, but you were already partially changed when we got there, and I didn't want you to suffer through what they were doing to you any longer."

"That's why?" Tommy asked. He had heard the same from Wilbur already, but he needed desperately for the stories to match.

"Yes," he promised. "I'm very sorry you thought differently. I'd always wanted to turn you eventually with your permission, but never that young. God, Tommy, I didn't even know if you'd survive it that young."

"And," Tommy said, "you want me?"

"Of course, I want you."

"I'm not scorned?"

"Oh, Tommy," Phil said, looking stricken. "No, not in a million years or ever after that. I could never turn you away."

Tommy bit down on his bottom lip to keep it from wobbling and then reached for him, an olive branch. Phil was reaching right back the second he noticed, tugging him swiftly out of Techno's grip and into a tight hug.

"Phil," Tommy whined for him even though he was right there. The arms around him squeezed tighter and Tommy choked on a sob for what felt like the millionth time in the past 24 hours and his bid to not openly bawl was not helped by the way Phil gently started to rock him back and forth and hushed him.

Then, Phil started that purring thing again. Between that, the hug, and the soft words spoken into his hair and with the sharp biting pain of believing Phil had turned him only to hurt and reject him soothed for the moment, Tommy's mind went absolutely spinning in an instant. Like he'd just been pushed gently onto a slippery metal slide, he dropped straight through dazed to fucking blank. Part of him managed to be absolutely terrified of the freefall, but that part of him was quickly overwhelmed by *fuzzy*. He was vaguely aware that the world existed, but he couldn't manage to interact with it.

He didn't know how long it took for him to resurface. All he knew was that he wasn't being held by anyone anymore when he did, which made the baby vampire want to riot. Too, fucking bad, he thought at it. It had already met its riot quota for today (because, yes, obviously it was the baby vampire's fault somehow). There was a hand on his knee, and his eyes flickered over to see it belonged to Wilbur who was kneeling in front of him. "You back with us, Tommy?" he asked when he saw Tommy looking at him.

Tommy nodded. "Yeah," he confirmed. He was seated by himself on the futon now, he noticed, and the coffee table Wilbur had been sitting on had been shoved half across the room at some point. Phil and Techno were standing a little bit back, only Wilbur within touching distance. "I don't... know what happened," he said.

Wilbur nodded in acknowledgement and then turned to Phil with a frown. "Like I said, he's been doing something like this since I talked to him, getting all weird and dazed. He got kind of upset about it earlier, but it was nothing like that."

"I think I might know what's happening," Phil said.

"You do?" Tommy asked, surprised.

Phil nodded and moved closer to kneel next to Wilbur. He offered Tommy a hand and Tommy hesitantly took it. The contact didn't pull him back into whatever the fuck he'd been in, so Tommy relaxed a bit, squeezing the hand for reassurance. For Phil. "Which," he said, "is why we should tell me when things are going wrong." His eyes cut to Wilbur briefly but returned quickly back to Tommy.

"What is it?" Tommy asked.

"It's nothing too serious," Phil prefaced his explanation with. "I've seen similar things happen before to different degrees. It's a defense mechanism actually. Fledglings are vulnerable, relying on adult vampires, particularly their sires, for protection and food. In situations where a fledgling's needs are not consistently met, it tends to activate a type of fawning behavior in them in an instinctual attempt to placate their sires to survive. In some covens this behavior is purposefully activated, particularly in covens where unwilling turnings are commonplace, in a bid to make fledglings more docile and easier to deal with.

"Nothing like that ever happened to me as a fledgling," Techno said, and Wilbur nodded along.

"Well, the two of you never had a reason to think your needs wouldn't be met," Phil said. "That type of behavior never developed. Unfortunately, Tommy's instincts don't recognize the nuances of the situation." He turned to address Tommy. "They've interpreted the stress you've been under as abandonment. Now that your needs are being properly met, your body wants you to go docile in the hopes those things won't be taken away again. It'll definitely be worse with me considering I'm your sire."

"So, what?" Tommy asked, panic crawling up his throat. "You hug me and I'm just going to go all zombie brained every time?"

"Not exactly," Phil said. "It can be a bit complicated, but yes, I wouldn't be surprised if something similar happens again."

"That's not... Phil, I know you think having an explanation is helping, but it's really not."

“I promise, it’s okay.”

“No, no,” Tommy said. “You just told me my own brain is trying to make me into a compliant little baby vampire and is completely willing to make me totally blackout to do so. What if that shit fucks me up? What if I don’t even wake back up from it?” he asked, visions of the vampire baby that’s been plaguing him finally winning and just forcing Tommy out of his own body so it could be a simpering whining idiot for the rest of eternity.

“That won’t happen,” Phil promised. “It’s always temporary. Plenty of others have gone through similar things. You can’t lose yourself in it, because even if it doesn’t feel like it, it’s only trying to protect you. You’ll always come back to yourself, and the episodes won’t continue after fledglinghood, because you won’t be biologically dependent anymore.”

“That’s years away,” Tommy pointed out.

“I know,” Phil soothed, “and it’s sucks, but you’ll be okay, and we can work to alleviate the symptoms in the meantime.”

“How?”

“It’ll be a bit of trail and error. We’ll have to make sure to give you everything you need and enough attention, but we’ll also have to leave you alone a bit and let you breath. You’re going to have to talk to us about what you want and how you feel and what your instincts want you to do. I won’t just leave you to it, though, I promise.”

Tommy squeezed the hand he was holding, still a bit shaken about the revelation. “Thanks,” he said.

Phil squeezed the hand back. “We want our Tommy,” he said. “Tea throwing tantrums and all.”

Tommy gave him a cautious smile.

“Honestly,” Phil contemplated, rubbing a thumb across the back of Tommy’s hand. “I think you proved you’d never lose yourself in your instincts with all of that. I was never... Resisting those sorts of instincts is not easy. They’re designed to make you want to give in even if you hate your sire with everything, so the fact that you were able to fight it well enough that I didn’t even notice those things were affecting you is very impressive.”

“He has stubborn asshole disease,” Wilbur snorted. He tilted his head and smiled up at Tommy. “What did you expect?”

Phil rolled his eyes. “The point is, you’ve already got a head start on not letting your instincts control you.” He sat up and reached forward slowly with the hand not holding Tommy to cup his cheek. “It’s okay to relax a bit now though. We’ll be here for you, okay?”

Tommy’s head went just a touch fuzzy with the touch and the warm affection and reassurance, but it wasn’t too bad. “Okay,” he agreed quietly. Phil smiled at him. “Uh,” he shook off the slow growing daze along with Phil’s hand as he remembered something else they should probably talk about. “Also, while we’re talking about concerning things about my head being fucked. Wilbur said you guys had me here for two weeks before I ran away?”

“Yes,” Phil confirmed.

“So, yeah, I don’t actually remember any of that. Like. At all. Not even an impression of it. All I remember is waking up alone and bolting. Any chance you know why that happened too?”

Phil frowned at that and sat back a bit. “No,” he said. “I don’t.” He paused to think for a few long moments. “Maybe...” he continued. “Maybe it’s the same sort of thing actually: a fawning defense in reaction to a traumatic turning. Your instincts may have fully suppressed your consciousness and memory in order to tolerate being reliant on the people you thought hurt you. You were acting rather docile and quiet in those couple of weeks, but we’d assumed it was because you’d been through something traumatizing. You did go missing the first time you were left alone, so perhaps when we were no longer hovering, you were able to resurface and take control. I’m not sure though.”

“We do know someone else who had memory loss in fledglinghood possibly related to a traumatic turning and the aftermath,” Techno contributed from behind Phil. “I haven’t really asked much about it, but he might be willing to talk about it now, especially seeing as it’s gotten better since he matured into an adult vampire.”

Phil nodded. “You should talk to him if he’s willing. Maybe we can figure out exactly what went on with both of them.” He turned to Tommy. “It’ll all be okay though. I’ve got you.”

Tommy nodded and then swallowed. “Do you think...” he started. “I mean, would my instincts... be okay with...”

“You want a hug,” Phil concluded with a soft chuckle after studying him for a moment. “I can’t be sure, but if you want one, it’s worth trying. I’ll back off whenever you need.”

“I’d like to try,” he said. The prospect of a hug he’d maybe get a chance to fully experience far outweighed the risk in that moment. “Probably don’t do the purring thing. I think that’s what got me.”

“Okay,” Phil agreed. “Tap my shoulder twice if you want me to stop and can’t speak.”

Tommy nodded and the next thing he knew, he was melting into a hug that he actually got to enjoy this time.

Chapter End Notes

Look! No cliffhanger for once! Except for. You know.



Anyway, Wilbur gets to live to see another day because he's the best at pulling Tommy out of all types of spirals, so lucky him!

Soup and Stubbornness

Chapter Notes

Hey! By the way, there is a second book in this series which is about Ranboo's backstory! There are already two chapters. Go check it out if you're interested. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy stayed in the hug as long as he could. He desperately wanted a Phil hug, had wanted one for a long time even if he'd never allowed himself to consciously think about it. He'd been held by Phil since being returned, but it was a far cry from an actual Phil hug. The last real one he'd had was two days before his fight with Wilbur and it had been playfully given as a bribe to get Phil to force Techno and Wilbur to watch *Up* for movie night. He'd *missed* them. A Phil hug was safety and warmth even during those times Phil was a lot cooler to the touch than him. Phil had always been stronger than him, he still was even when Tommy was a vampire, but that had always felt like a good thing when being hugged so gently. There was... a little bit of internal conflict about that now. He still clung to him as hard as he could.

He probably let himself get fuzzier than he should have before whispering a quiet, "that's enough." Phil pulled back instantly which was good because Tommy didn't know if he'd physically be able to do so. Phil went back to sitting on his haunches a few inches from Tommy, and Tommy kept his hands resolutely in his lap.

"Soup's done, Tommy," Wilbur said. "Want to eat?"

"...Hmm?" Tommy asked, blinking at the hands in his laps.

"Food," Wilbur said. A bowl entered his field of vision. Oh right. Right. Soup. He stared at the bowl. Wilbur waited for a moment but when it was clear he wouldn't respond, he shifted slightly. "Or does the baby want to be spoon fed?" he asked, his tone mocking.

"Wilbur," Phil scolded even as the room snapped into focus for Tommy.

"Shut up you fucking prick," Tommy spat removing his hands from his lap to stab a finger in his direction. "Give me that!" He all but ripped the bowl out of his hands. Unconcerned, Wilbur let him take it and then flopped down to sit on the floor in front of him again. "Asshole with your stupid, gross, soup," Tommy muttered into the bowl. He stuck a spoonful into his mouth. Despite his words, it was really good soup, especially now that it had vegetables and meat in it instead of just being broth.

Wilbur narrowed his eyes and poked Tommy's calf with his foot. "My soup's not gross."

Tommy swung a kick at him. "Techno already promised to help me beat you up. Don't give me more reasons."

"Oh, I'm so scared," Wilbur said, leaning back on his hands.

“You should be,” Techno contributed. He was still standing because he wasn’t an overbearing asshole. “He deserves to slap you for real a couple of times.”

Wilbur leaned all the way back until he was laying down on the floor, so he could look up at Techno. “It’s true, but you don’t have to say it.”

“I’d step on your head right now if Tommy didn’t already have dibs,” Techno said.

Wilbur remained carelessly reclined and pouted up at Techno like a dramatic dick. Phil frowned at the interaction, flummoxed, and Tommy almost snorted hot soup through his nose. Phil turned his attention back to Tommy with a concerned frown, and Tommy actually did half choke on one of the carrot pieces as he tried desperately to swallow it down.

“I’m fine,” Tommy gasped when he felt Phil’s concerned hand on his back. “Just stop looking at me like that. You’re the problem.”

He heard Wilbur let out a snort from the floor.

“I will never understand the three of you,” Phil said. “Why am I being laughed at?”

“Old,” was Tommy’s only answer. He pointed the spoon at him before taking another bite.

Phil puffed out a breath, softly amused, and made to move his hand away.

“Stay for a second,” Tommy requested, and Phil paused. He rubbed a gentle circle into Tommy’s back.

“That alright?” he asked. Tommy nodded. “Mocking me makes you feel better, I see. I’m unsure why I expected anything less at this point.”

Tommy hummed in agreement and continued to eat his soup. To his displeasure, he was tired again after finishing the bowl. It was probably a combination of being full, healing from physical injuries, and emotional exhaustion. His fading energy was apparently clear to the other occupants in the room.

“Want to go rest again?” Wilbur asked taking the bowl from him.

“Can I use your bed again?” Tommy asked, tentatively. “It was better.”

“Of course,” Wilbur said, reaching forward to ruffle his hair briefly before getting to his feet to take the bowl to the sink.

“Who would you like to carry you?” Phil asked.

“You can,” Tommy said.

“I’m going to go talk to Ranboo before it’s daytime in that case,” Techno said. He walked over to look down at Tommy and unclasped his cape. “Want this?” he asked.

Tommy nodded immediately. “Yes,” he said. “Give.”

Techno rolled his eyes, but he did fork over the cape. “I’ll be back before morning,” he told Phil who nodded.

Phil moved to pick Tommy up then, letting Techno open the door for him while Wilbur went about cleaning up the mess he'd made of the kitchen.

Tommy was settled back in the bed he'd woken up in a few moments later. Phil tucked Techno's cape around him with a soft look on his face. This was good. Being in Wilbur's bed with Techno's cape around him and Phil actually there soothed the vampire baby instincts into pretty much nothing. Phil backed off after setting him down but offered up a hand which Tommy took. He sighed and settled down into the bed. Phil sat down in a nearby chair and studied him as he got comfortable.

"How did you survive?" he asked suddenly, and it sounded more contemplative than demanding. There wasn't any anger in the question, but it still made Tommy freeze. Vampires were... Vampires were possessive creatures. He'd known that before, but it always was a positive thing he'd never thought would hurt him. Maybe it still would not hurt him.

Yet, he wasn't sure if that would extend to people who weren't Tommy.

Witches and vampires were enemies by nature. Humans and vampires were one thing: predator and prey, but witches were prey who'd grown teeth. Legend even attributed vampires' inability to be in the sun to witches. It's said that the first witch had given up their soul to the god of the sun after a vampire decimated their village in order to curse all vampires in revenge. There was no way to know if any part of this was fact or if it was all fiction, but the message behind the story did ring true. Vampires and witches did not like each other.

Tommy wasn't sure how Phil would take a witch hiding an apparently not scorned fledgling from him no matter that Tommy had asked. No matter that the witch had been trying to protect him. He couldn't risk Tubbo by saying anything about him.

All Phil knew at this point was that Tommy had somehow managed to get his hands on a protection charm, but anything else Tommy said could put Tubbo in danger. If they were telling the truth and they didn't hate Tommy, telling them about Tubbo could activate overprotective vampire mode. If they were lying... well, even more reason not to tell them about Tubbo.

Unfortunately, Phil had narrowed in on how he tensed at the question, so he couldn't just say nothing. "I don't want to talk about it," he said.

"Tommy..." he said.

"I *don't* want to talk about it, Phil," Tommy said trying to put as much steel into his tone as possible to make up for the fact that he was laying prone in front of a vampire who had lived longer than he could comprehend.

Phil looked at him for a long moment; Tommy just bared his teeth at him.

"You are the most stubborn being I have ever met," he finally sighed after a moment, fiddling with the cape wrapped around Tommy and tucking it in a bit tighter. "You do need to tell me eventually," he said, "but I won't push for now."

"Good." It gave him time to come up with a convincing lie if nothing else.

"Can I at least ask how often you ate?" he asked. "Just so I know what I'm dealing with for long term health."

That seemed like... a fair question that didn't give much away. Still, Tommy narrowed his eyes and paused to think about it, just so Phil would know he wouldn't be lulled into a false sense of security with harmless questions and then tricked into answering a more damning one. "1-3 times a week," he answered.

"Once a week isn't sufficient," he said. "Three would probably be enough if you were in good health."

Tommy hesitated, but then decided he should probably volunteer, "It was also usually... dead blood. I didn't normally get it straight from a source. Sometimes I may have kept it too long in the fridge. Also, in jars and not bags."

"I see," Phil said with just the barest hint of a grimace to express his displeasure at this information. "Do you have any magic in your system we should know about?"

Tommy frowned at him, trying to let him know he was on thin ice. "It was just the charm. Nothing's in my system," he said truthfully. They hadn't exactly had any resources left over for anything nonessential.

"And you are not going to tell me the origin of this charm tonight?"

Tommy shook his head. Never.

"I'm not particularly happy with that answer," Phil said, "but I'll accept it." He leaned forward just a bit in his seat. "If this secret does you any harm, I will be very cross with you."

Vampires were so fucking creepy. How did Phil manage to tell him he didn't want him to get hurt in such a scary fucking way?

Tommy pursed his lips at him instead of reacting in any meaningful way.

Phil softened just a tad and squeezed his hand. "Get some sleep Tommy. We'll talk later."

It was a bit of a threat, but it was soft enough that Tommy just nodded. He was even more exhausted than he'd been just moments before, and it was easy to tuck his nose into the cape and close his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I mean, Tommy's not going to get hurt by the witch Phil. Little loophole there.

Sick

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Tommy, wake up,” a voice said way too loudly for this time of day. Tommy groaned.

“No, ‘s morning,” he said.

“We both know you’re fully capable of being awake during the day,” the voice said. A hand shook his shoulder and Tommy tried to whack it away with a hiss. “Wake up.”

“Nooo.”

“Yes,” the voice said. “Phil’s going to be back in minutes, and I refuse to be the only one going down for this.”

“...Huh?” Tommy asked, finally opening his eyes to look up at Technoblade.

“Here,” Techno said, holding out a white and red triangular box. “Phil’s getting something to eat and will be right back. Eat it quickly or you’re not going to be able to eat it at all.”

Tommy was fully awake and grabbing for the box the instant he realized what it was. He opened the box to find exactly one slice of pizza absolutely drowning in grease and topped with pepperoni, green olives, and extra cheese per his earlier specifications.

He was lucky that the pizza was only lukewarm at this point because he immediately shoved a good 1/3 of the slice into his mouth.

“hank you,” Tommy said through a mouthful of pizza. He was honestly only half tasting it from how fast he was chewing, but there was still a visceral bliss associated with consuming pizza for the first time in over a year.

“Don’t waste time with thankyou’s,” Techno hissed. “Finish it before Phil gets back.”

Tommy nodded his agreement and took another bite of pizza before he’d even quite finished swallowing the first. Mmm *cheese*. *Extra* cheese. He probably looked like a wild animal right now and did not care one bit. He’d soon eaten the entire pizza slice and sighed in satisfaction.

“You have to eat the crust too,” Techno said.

“But I don’t like the crust,” Tommy whined.

“Tommy, we have to get rid of all of the evidence.”

“I’m not ruining my pizza eating experience by eating the crust, Technoblade,” Tommy said, crossing his arms stubbornly. “Ick.”

Technoblade rolled his eyes and snatched up the pizza crust himself, folding it into thirds and shoving the whole thing into his mouth. As he chewed, he grabbed a crumpled paper napkin out of his pocket to wipe off Tommy’s face rather roughly before shoving the napkin in the cardboard pizza box. He closed the pizza box up tight, pulled a lighter out of his pocket, and literally set the box on fire in his

hands. He threw the flaming box in the, thankfully metal bin near the door and then picked up the bin, moving swiftly out of the door.

Tommy leaned back onto his pillows satisfied even as his stomach seemed a little confused about what had just happened and with a bit of excitement thrumming through his veins at their successful pizza heist.

Techno returned after a few seconds sans trash can.

“Thanks,” Tommy said with a smile.

“We never speak of this again,” Techno stressed.

Tommy nodded and reached out a hand for him. Techno softened then from his businesslike demeanor of the last few minutes and walked over to the bed to place a hand on Tommy’s head.

“How was the rest of your night?” Techno asked.

“Fine,” Tommy answered. “I slept pretty much since you left.”

“That’s good,” Techno said, giving him a head pat. “You should rest.”

“Find anything out from whoever you were asking?” Tommy asked.

“Nothing concrete,” Techno sighed. “His memory is unfortunately self-described as ‘Swiss cheese’, but it’s gotten better since I met him, and he was willing to tell me everything he knew.”

“What did he say?”

“We’ll talk about it in the evening,” Techno promised. He reached for the cape Tommy had been sleeping under and readjusted it around him. “You should go back to sleep.”

“All I’ve been doing is sleeping,” Tommy whined. “I want to be awake.”

“It is morning,” Techno said, “and you aren’t even two years into fledglinghood. You should be asleep.”

“You’re the one who woke me up,” Tommy pointed out with a grumble. “I’m not even tired now.”

“Go to sleep Tommy.”

“No.”

Aaaaaand suddenly the world was dark. He shouldn’t be surprised anymore. “For the thousandth time, I’m not a parakeet,” Tommy seethed while trying to shove the cape off of his own face, but he met resistance. Was Techno really pinning the cape to bed over his head.

“You’re certainly loud enough to be one,” Techno replied blandly.

“I will bite you!” Tommy threatened. “I will kick you! I will *stab* you!”

“Oh, I’m so frightened of a being stabbed by a 17-year-old child.”

“You should be, you bitch!”

“What’s going on here?” Phil voice asked.

“I’m simply putting the fledgling back to bed,” said Techno smoothly, but he did release the hold on the cape, allowing Tommy to shove it off his head and sit up. He glared at Techno who simply gave him a bemused half smile.

Phil was over at his side a moment later, fixing his hair with gentle fingers. “Why are you awake?” He asked Tommy with a concerned frown.

Tommy shrugged. “I don’t always sleep through the day,” he said, which he would claim was not a lie.

Phil hummed but then tilted his head. “Does it smell like something is burning?” he asked.

“I noticed that,” Techno said. “Not sure what that’s from. Maybe we should check the wiring.”

Phil looked at him for a second and then looked at Tommy and then moved his hand from Tommy’s hair to under his chin to tilt his face up. They stared at each other for a few seconds, Tommy doing his best possible innocent face.

“Technoblade,” Phil finally said, voice even. “Why does my fledgling smell like pizza?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Phil,” was the immediate answer.

“I don’t even know what pizza is,” added Tommy. He got a swift smack to the back of his head for that.

Phil’s glanced at Technoblade and then returned his attention to Tommy. “Is that so?”

Tommy nodded, the movement of his head moving Phil’s hand as well.

“Are you lying to me?”

Tommy shook his head.

“Strange,” Phil mused. “I seem to remember feeding you pizza before.”

“Must have been Wilbur.”

“Ah, but I remember being asked, begged really for a pizza and movie night for a human’s 15th birthday, but I didn’t meet Wilbur until he was 18. And pizza didn’t exist then.”

“Must have been some other kid,” Tommy said flippantly.

Phil sighed. “You’re supposed to be eating healthy foods that are easy on your stomach, Tommy. You’re injured and haven’t eaten human food consistently since you’ve been turned.”

“Good think I don’t know what pizza is then,” Tommy said, fluttering his lashes innocently. “It sounds unhealthy.”

“I should feed you raw broccoli for the rest of the week, you little shit,” Phil said.

He wouldn’t though, Tommy knew, and if he did, Tommy would just resort to using it as a ammo to throw until he got what he wanted. Tommy just smiled at him pleasantly.

Phil turned back to Technoblade. “You are also in trouble.”

“I still don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I’d almost forgotten how much the two of you bring out the worst in each other,” Phil said mildly. He released Tommy’s chin and stepped away just as the sound of another set of footsteps could be heard in the hallway.

Wilbur stepped into the room seconds later and blinked at the scene. “Why are you still awake?” he asked Tommy.

“I had to be awake sometimes during the day,” Tommy said. “I’m used to it.”

Wilbur just frowned. “Well, you’re not going to be used to it anymore,” he said, moving over to sit on the bed. He pushed at Tommy’s chest, trying to get him to recline. “Go back to sleep.”

Tommy sputtered and attempted to push him away. “Fuck off.”

But then, Wilbur suddenly paused and furrowed his eyebrows. “Why does Tommy smell like he’s been rolling in a pit with greasy humans all of a sudden?” he turned to ask Phil with a frown.

“My guess would be he ate pizza,” Phil said, “though both he and Technoblade deny they have ever even heard of the food.”

“I only claim that I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Techno said.

“Techno!” Wilbur said in a scolding tone. He threw his arms around Tommy as though protecting him from some unseen threat. Seeing as said threat was *pizza*, Tommy hissed and attempted to wiggle away.

Techno rolled his eyes. “He’s fine.”

“He’s delicate!”

“Oi!” said Tommy.

“He’s injured,” Techno said, “not made of glass.”

Wilbur curled tighter around him and hissed. Techno hissed right back, and Wilbur squeezed Tommy harder. Except this time, he squeezed him around the stomach and... uh oh. Tommy himself hissed in protest of this treatment.

“Stop that,” Phil said. “All three of you.”

“But Phil,” Wilbur said.

“There’s never a moment of peace,” Phil sighed.

Thankfully Wilbur’s grip had loosened on his stomach, but he was still being held protectively. It was nice even if Wilbur was an idiot. He’d always been rather clingy, so it was familiar. So was Techno sneaking him food he wasn’t supposed to have behind Phil’s back and Phil calmly listening to him sprout obvious bold-faced lies to his face.

Pizza, even if his stomach was... still contemplating it's existence inside of him, made him think more than anything that they weren't lying. It was just... it was such a little thing. Techno didn't have to go out of his way to get him pizza. Phil didn't have to watch him with an indulgent expression as he proclaimed to have never heard of pizza ever in his entire life. Wilbur didn't have to be a little bitch about him eating something that wasn't a vegetable. It made him think they did love him and that they did want him.

And yet.

And yet he still had his doubts, not so much anymore that they wanted him. That felt genuine; that matched up with what Tommy knew. It's just... he had to wonder in ways he'd never wondered before his turning. He'd had a lot of time to think while he'd spent his days alone in a storage unit and he'd put together puzzle pieces in ways he hadn't thought of before. Even looking at them now they... seemed like they might fit.

They wanted him. How much? Would they hurt someone Tommy loves to have him? Did they hurt someone Tommy loved to have him? At 13 he'd had two dead parents and a vampire family of three welcoming him into their home with open arms. They couldn't have turned him responsibly then, but he'd slowly become part of their coven after his parents died anyway.

He didn't know how to ask; even if he did, they'd probably lie if they had done it.

They still could have killed his parents even if they loved him.

The thought made him feel...

"Wilbur let me go," he said, eyes suddenly wide as his stomach finally came to a decision on the pizza.

"Huh?"

"Oh no," Techno said, turning to the corner of the room. "...I took the trash can to the kitchen."

Chapter End Notes

Types of Headaches

Migraine



Hypertension



Stress



Tommy claiming he's never
heard of pizza when you're trying to
lie about feeding him pizza to Phil.



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(Did you see the secret troll foreshadowing? Did you? Did you?!)

A 'Cheeseburger'

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Well, Tommy *had* wondered if vampires could throw up. He'd thought not. After all, pretty much the only human food he'd been eating recently was expired milk and slightly stale bread, but he'd never thrown up with that. Yet, apparently, swallowing an entire piece of pizza in less than 30 seconds when his body was already fucked was enough to definitively prove vampires could, indeed throw up.

Gross, Tommy thought. Vampire vomit was even worse than human vomit. Mostly because he was throwing up blood along with food.

When there was nothing left to expel, he groaned and sat back on the side of the bed before flopping onto his side. His eyes closed in his exhaustion.

"Nope," Phil said, and arms were coming around him. "We're getting cleaned up after that."

Tommy made a sound of protest as he was lifted up but settled quickly. Being held when he was already feeling so bad made the foggiess descend, but for once he didn't feel like fighting it. Phil said he'd be fine if he drifted sometimes anyway, right?

"Techno clean this up, since this was your idea," Phil said, voice firm. Tommy hid his face in his neck. "Wilbur you... go ahead and get yourself cleaned up."

Tommy's brain just sort of glitched after that for an undetermined amount of time. He woke up with the taste of toothpaste in his mouth and seated on a plastic chair in a shower he didn't recognize in the process of shampooing his own hair. He groaned. Fuck.

He finished scrubbing himself down and left the shower to see a soft fluffy towel and a pair of clean pajamas. Phil was waiting right outside the bathroom for him when he was done, ready to swoop him back up into his arms and half back into another daze. He settled his head onto Phil's shoulder and let him carry him wherever they were going. He was settled onto a soft pile of blankets and pillows a little while later.

Oh, he was in the nest, Tommy realized after a couple of moments. It was only the second time he'd ever been in the coven's nest. The first time had also been after having emptied his stomach because Technoblade had fed him junk food while sick. They'd wanted to keep an eye on him while he slept that day. The same probably applied to today.

Nests like the SBI coven's weren't as common anymore he'd been told the first time he'd been here, though they were the types of nests the hunters had talked about the most. Most healthy covens had a nest of some sort, but they tended to be more living room style areas in the center of the home. Phil's however, was an old-style vampire nest which functioned more as a communal bedroom. He was from a time and place where entire human families shared sleeping spaces, let alone vampire covens. Younger covens tended to have more private bedrooms off of the nest area for sleeping. Even Techno and Wilbur apparently liked to sleep separately at least sometimes even though the two of them had grown up sharing a bed with each other. Phil still liked to have this type of nest though. Tommy had to admit, it was one of the comfiest places he'd ever slept.

"There," Phil said. "How are you feeling now?"

“... ‘m ‘right,” Tommy managed after a moment.

“Why don’t you try to get some sleep?”

Tommy nodded, (sleep sounded great) and closed his eyes.

Techno and Wilbur came into the room eventually. Tommy heard them talking to Phil, though he couldn’t make out the exact contents through his half doze. Phil had been sitting in a chair at Tommy’s bedside to watch over him the whole time they’d been there. This was fine, especially when he readjusted himself clearly intending to try to sleep. What was not fine was that Wilbur decided to sit at the edge of the mattress Tommy was on and stare at him. Which made sleeping rather hard.

“Go ‘way,” he said, tossing one of the pillows at him. It smacked him, but he didn’t seem to be planning to move any time soon regardless. “*Techno*,” Tommy whined hopefully, and the next thing Wilbur knew he was being wrestled onto the floor and laid on top of until he stopped moving.

No longer being stared at and with that joy inspiring image in his head, he managed to drift off asleep for the rest of the day.

The next evening, Tommy basically woke up with cobwebs in his head from sleeping in the nest surrounded by his coven throughout the day, and they only got worse after Phil fed him when he woke. Phil offered for them to leave him alone for a bit to get his bearings which he accepted.

He was handed a cell phone in case he needed anything, but Phil and Techno otherwise left him alone, Techno needing to go do something in the city anyway. Wilbur, having been deemed the one least likely to make Tommy worse, came by to check on him every so often and was the one to feed him his human breakfast, but otherwise also let Tommy be.

Tommy was still a bit sleepy to his chagrin, but he refused to take another nap less than two hours after waking. Instead, he curled up in the nest and propped the phone up on a pillow to try to catch up on the months of missed YouTube content.

He wished Tubbo still had access to a phone or even that his own phone back at the storage unit hooked up to the web so Tommy could message him and tell him he was alright. Unfortunately, Tubbo was as disengaged from the internet and phone network as Tommy had been up until a couple of hours ago.

Putting that thought to the side for now, he signed into his old YouTube account and clicked a random video in his subscriptions feed, planning to put it on autoplay and let the algorithm take him to whatever weird area of the internet it wanted.

He was on an informational video about snails by the time he expected Wilbur’s next check in to come. When he heard footsteps approaching the room, he reached forward to pause the video and looked up at the door as it opened and closed.

“Tubbo?” Tommy asked, sitting up immediately. He blinked at his friend from the nest. The vampire nest. In the exact center of the vampire coven’s house. “How the fuck did you get in here?” His mind was immediately racing. The baby vampire was extremely happy that Tubbo was here because finally his entire coven was together, but human Tommy knew the baby vampire was stupid as hell. This was

fucking horrible. If his heart still worked, it'd be pounding out of his chest. As it was, he just stopped breathing.

Tubbo shrugged which was not at all a satisfying answer, but before Tommy could gather himself to ask again, Tubbo waved a hand through the air. "Come on. Get up. We've got to go."

"Oh..." Tommy said. "Um..."

"Let's go," Tubbo jogged across the room and grabbed him, pulling him from the nest. Tommy stumbled to his feet with a whimper. Things were just now starting to heal which actually only made them feel *worse*.

"You're hurt?" Tubbo asked.

"I kinda got half staked," Tommy explained, "and beaten up a bit too."

Tubbo frowned. "Right," he said clinically. He shoved something familiar into Tommy's hand. It was a handspun glass charm that smelled completely of nothing. The design was slightly different, but it was clearly a new vessel for the cloaking spell. "Put this on and let's get out of here quick."

"Wait, Tubbo," Tommy said. "Um," but then he froze as a distant sound met his ears.

Tubbo noticed the change in his posture right away. "Wha-?" Tommy slapped a hand over Tubbo's mouth to Tubbo's wide eyed surprise.

Tommy's eyes fell to the charm and to the *wrong* smell it exuded. He didn't think beyond getting it away from him immediately as he threw it clear across the room and through a door to Phil's side of the house that had been left cracked open. He heard it shatter against the floor, though it was muffled enough against the carpet he wouldn't have known what it was if he hadn't been the one to throw it.

Tubbo gave him an irate look and tried to mumble something, but Tommy just shoved his hand over his mouth harder. The sounds Tommy had been hearing must have just then come into the human's hearing range because Tubbo stilled suddenly as he registered the sound of footsteps.

Tommy wasn't really thinking at that moment, not really. He wasn't thinking of his own injuries or the possible consequences of his actions if they were found out. He was running purely on instinct and the knowledge that he needed to hide the sight, scent, and sound of his human coven mate *now*. So, he picked him up with inhuman strength he hadn't been aware he possessed on a normal day, let alone when he could barely stand on his own, and threw him half across the room into the nest before lunging for the bed himself. He manhandled a seemingly stunned Tubbo until he was laying half curled over Tommy's lap with Tommy sitting up against the pillows. He then pulled every blanket and pillow within reach on top of them both.

This shouldn't work, part of him knew. It would have no chance of working with any other human, but Tommy pretty much smelled like Tubbo all of the time, so maybe if he arranged the blankets of the nest just right...

He could feel Tubbo's shallow breaths puffing softly against his outer thigh as the door cracked open once more. Tommy fisted one hand into the fabric of the back of Tubbo's shirt, but otherwise he tried to keep his posture loose as Wilbur walked into the room.

"Still awake?" he asked.

Tommy took a breath. "I've slept enough in the past few days," he said casually. He gestured at his phone with the hand not desperately gripping Tubbo. "Catching up on YouTube."

Wilbur stepped closer to the nest to Tommy's panic. He tilted his head at him for a moment, seeming to sense something was off. "Ugh," he said, nose screwed up. "You smell human again. Did Tech feed you more greasy human food behind my back?"

"...What's a cheeseburger?"

"God, I didn't even know he'd gotten back yet. Just don't throw it up this time."

"No promises."

Wilbur rolled his eyes fondly, a hand reaching out to softly ruffle his hair. Tommy's breath caught. He was way, way too close. If Tubbo moved even a little, they'd be found out and... and Tommy didn't know what would happen if a vampire found a human in their nest with a fledgling.

Wilbur noticed his discomfort and drew his hand back with a frown. "Still need space?" he asked.

"Yeah," Tommy said, probably way too relieved. "Sorry," he added on.

"It's not problem," Wilbur said. "I'll check on you in about 30 minutes again. You have my number?"

Tommy rolled his eyes. "You programed it into my phone yourself this morning," he reminded. "Plus, I still remember it anyway."

"Just making sure," Wilbur said, reaching forward to boop his nose briefly. Prick.

Tommy glared at him as he withdrew, and he just smiled back before turning to walk back the way he'd come.

Tommy let his fingers slowly unclench from Tubbo's shirt as the footsteps faded away.

"Fuck," Tommy said, leaning back to lay down. Tubbo cautiously shifted from where he'd been frozen to kneel next to him on the mattresses. He had a pinch to his brow that meant he was thinking about something.

"That was one of the vampires?" he asked, still keeping his voice low just in case.

"Yeah," Tommy said. "Obviously."

Tubbo paused and then shook away whatever he'd been thinking. He looked forlornly at the other side of the room. "Did you have to break the charm?" he bemoaned.

"He would have been able to notice the lack of my smell, and they know about the cloaking charm already. He would have put it together immediately if it was anywhere near me."

"Well, fuck," Tubbo said. "That makes getting you out of here a whole lot harder."

"Right..." Tommy said. "So, um, Tubbo. I don't know if me leaving is the best idea anymore."

Tubbo stared at him for a moment. "*What?*"

"It's just... they've been nice..."

“Nice?! Tommy, they turned you into a vampire against your will!”

“That might actually be more up for debate than I’d thought...”

“You’re a vampire, you didn’t want to be one, and your sire is the Angel of Death himself. There’s not much of a debate there.”

“I...it’s complicated.”

“It’s not complicated, Tommy!”

“Look,” Tommy sighed. “We literally couldn’t even get me out of here today, could we?”

Tubbo bit his lip, his eyes darting to where the charm had smashed against the ground briefly. “We can figure something out,” he claimed.

“But we *need* to get you out of here,” Tommy said, ignoring his words, “and we need to get you out of here fast. I don’t even know how you got in here without one of them seeing you.”

“...Well.”

“I have a new phone now too. It’s the same number as before when I was human. You can text me once you’re out of here and we’ll talk. That’ll work, right? Right.”

“Tommy, I’m not leaving you here!” Tubbo protested. “I don’t even know if I’ll be able to get in again.”

“I’ll be fine,” Tommy said. “You might not be. You need to leave now.”

“I can’t even go back the way I came in,” Tubbo said. “I don’t know how!”

“I know how you can get out. I’ll show you,” said Tommy. He shoved himself to his feet and wobbled a bit.

Tubbo jumped to his feet to help support him. “Bullshit you’ll be fine,” he seethed.

“This wasn’t them,” Tommy assured. “They haven’t hurt me, I promise. I’ll be okay. We need to get you out for now, and we can regroup later.” He tugged on Tubbo which was an awkward move since Tubbo was supporting half of his weight.

“Dammit,” Tubbo said, letting Tommy pull him along so they didn’t both go crashing to the ground. “I don’t...”

“Shh,” said Tommy, carefully listening for any sounds around them. He wasn’t as familiar with the area surrounding the nest as he was with other areas of the house, but he was confident he could figure out how to get them into more familiar areas.

Wilbur had just left towards his rooms and the last person they wanted to run into was Phil, so he went towards Techno’s area of the house, which thankfully also happened to be the part Tommy had spent the most time aimlessly wandering around in as a child.

They were as silent as they could be with Tommy’s limping and Tommy kept his ears peeled for any noises indicating they were going to get caught.

Unfortunately, he forgot one thing; Phil was old and powerful as fuck.

Tommy, with his fledgling hearing, didn't even hear a whisper of noise until they'd been caught.

"Er, hello?" Phil said.

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Also you don't want to know how many people died or were maimed to get Tubbo into that room.

Quite the Challenge

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Phil had seen a lot of things in his time. Horrors, wonders, and even just completely bizarre things were unsurprising to him anymore. Eventually, it became easy to see that most new things were just old things repackaged. Life, the universe, and society was in many ways cyclical and if you lived through enough loops, even the strangest of phenomenon started to feel familiar.

But, yeah, no, what the fuck was going on here? Seriously, not even his instincts had managed to decide how to react to this and they were designed to react instantly in unfamiliar situations. The facts just simply did not meld together in his mind.

The fledgling was out of bed. He should not be out of bed right now for a variety of reasons. Yet, here he was wandering, or more accurately hobbling through, the halls. Phil had been giving him space, but he wasn't an idiot, and also was still incredibly anxious from the last time they'd left him alone for any length of time. He'd lingered close enough to the nest that he'd been able to smell that Tommy was moving further away and had come to intercept. Yet, instead of finding a fledgling being bored or even anxious, he'd found one that was clearly incredibly distressed. He'd been fine last night and this morning, but now he looked like he was about to go through the roof. What's more, he'd gone from nervous to actual panic the moment Phil had spoken. Having his sire nearby didn't seem to calm him down at all, the opposite in fact. He looked like Phil had caught him red handed committing a robbery and intended to execute him for it. There was fear in the air, not the same type of fear as during his two panic attacks (though Phil wouldn't be surprised if it turned towards that) but just as sharp.

Phil needed to calm him down, tuck him into bed, and never ever leave him again. At least, that's what half of his instincts were saying. The other half was preoccupied with something else. That being, there was a human in the room.

Phil didn't know how there was a human in the room. It didn't make any logical sense. They were in the middle of Phil's house, and he could not fathom how a human had managed to get all the way here with three vampires on high alert prowling around.

What mattered more than how however, was the fact that there was a human here and it was near Phil's fledgling, touching him in fact. Humans and fledglings didn't exactly mix. Any interaction between the two should end in blood one way or another. Fledgling vampire instincts made them attack any nearby human without prejudice regardless of blood or past connections. This was a fact. This was something Phil knew. Yet, as the stunned seconds ticked by, no blood was spilt.

Really, Phil expected when Tommy began to shift for him to start trying to tear into the human in an instinct fueled frenzy, but that was the opposite of what happened. Instead, he took a half step away from the human, pulling away from where he'd been using the human to support his weight. He put himself between Phil and the human, his back to the human and facing Phil like his own sire was the one who was a threat to him.

Even more confused by this behavior, Phil studied the human more closely. He looked to be about Tommy's age, at least, his real age. Physically, the human had left him behind at this point since Tommy's aging had slowed. His brown hair was long and unkempt and he was shorter than Tommy despite looking physically older. Phil could hear his heartbeat from here thumping more and more

erratically as Phil's eyes landed on him. There was a whisper of fabric as his hand came up to cling to the back of Tommy's shirt.

Tommy noticed Phil's eyes on the human behind him and did his best to step in the way of his gaze. He was tall enough, but not wide enough to succeed. There was the slightest hint of lavender, garlic, and metal in the room, but other than that, nothing particularly smelt out of place despite there being a human literally in front of him. His and Tommy's scents seemed to bleed together and mix in a way Phil couldn't recall ever seeing. With a bit of focus, he could somewhat suss out some of which scents originally belonged to who, but he couldn't parse out all of them. The human smelled like a slightly out of balance Tommy with a bit of human added in.

Phil's instincts didn't know what to do with this fact any more than Phil knew what to do with the entire situation.

"What exactly is going on?" Phil managed to ask, looking between the two. A rumbling sound came from Tommy in response.

Phil's gaze instantly snapped to him in surprise. Was he... growling at Phil? The fledgling? Fledglings didn't growl. They weren't actually physically capable of it, at least not a proper vampire growl. In fact, this growl was too high pitched and clearly just an imitation of a growl any human could do. Phil stared at him gobsmacked anyway. It was just so strange. It was the equivalent of a two-month-old baby looking up at its mother one day and proclaiming that they will be the one filing the taxes from now on. It simply was not done.

A growl was a challenge, not that Phil would ever have any intention of accepting a challenge from Tommy even if he'd thought the boy understood what he was asking for. Phil's instincts literally couldn't compute the situation. Already strung tight from a human being here despite said human's oddity, they were instantly flaring up with protectiveness for the fledgling when a challenger was about despite the fact that the fledgling was the one trying to challenge him.

He was stepping forward without quite realizing it or meaning to. The growling immediately faltered at his approach. It was a good thing for the dumpster fire that was his instincts, but Phil wasn't particularly fond of the fear in Tommy's eyes that had caused the sound to cease.

The room was small and Phil's movement in his lapse in judgment had taken him within touching distance. He could feel the human lingering behind Tommy's back despite the fact that his eyes remained fixed on the fledgling. He wanted to snatch him away from the human even though their scents matched so oddly, even though the fear in the room seemed to only be directed towards Phil himself. He restrained himself, however, to only reaching out a hand and, when Tommy didn't seem to be disturbed by its approach, letting it touch his cheek. Tommy swayed towards him despite everything, and it soothed a bit of the raging fire in his chest.

"Tommy," Phil said, "can you tell me what's going on?" He heard the human's heart rate spike at his voice and Phil's eyes flickered to glance at him over Tommy's shoulder. The growl picked up once again when Phil looked at the human. Phil sighed, returning his attention to his vexing fledgling. The growling didn't let up even as Phil met his eyes head on. The audacity of this child. Honestly, he'd thought he'd run the gambit of absolutely intolerable fledgling behavior between Wilbur's clinginess and Techno's independence, but this was something else.

Phil marveled over him while running a clearly unappreciated finger down his nose. He was puffed up like an angry cat, his arms spread out in a bid to fully cover the human while he growled at his own sire. He pondered whether his will would be able to stand up to Phil if he ever tried to force his hand with something using his sire rights against him. Phil would never test it, but he did have to wonder.

It was like pushing back against a spring-loaded wall, but Phil did force himself to step away from them then.

The growling petered off once more when he backed off leaving them in silence except for one elevated human heartbeat. Phil didn't quite know where to go from here. Everything was a mess with his instincts and probably Tommy's as well. The human was terrified, and Phil wasn't sure if he should care about that or not.

And of course, to help the entire situation, another vampire was suddenly added to the mix. Wilbur was a pacer and had been anxious about Tommy all morning, which meant he'd been doing loops around the nest room's perimeter whenever he wasn't checking on the boy. So, really, it was inevitable that he'd show up at some point.

The door opposite the one Phil had entered through popped open and Wilbur walked in before stopping dead in his tracks to stare wide eyed at the scene.

"We seem to have a guest in the house," Phil informed him, sounding about as calm about this fact as he actually was.

He expected Wilbur to overreact, though Phil didn't know what a correct reaction, let alone an overreaction would look like in this context. Yet, a moment after he tensed, he cocked his head in confusion. "Tubbo?" he said.

A pause.

"You know this human?" Phil asked to confirm.

"Yeah," Wilbur said. "He's Tommy's friend... What is he doing here?"

"Tommy," the human spoke for the first time. His tone was calm, but there was something rumbling under it that put Phil on edge. "Is one of the vampires in the coven that turned you, fucking Wilbur?"

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)



from Imgflip Meme Generator

We have fanart for this chapter!

Roller Coaster Ride

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Uh,” said Tommy, thrown for a loop by the sudden turn of the conversation. That was saying something because Tommy and stupid vampire baby Tommy had already been fist fighting at the top of one of those roller coasters that went upside down and backwards in his head. Wilbur’s entrance was the rollercoaster suddenly coming to a screeching halt upside down. “...Maybe.”

“What the fuck-”

“I didn’t think it was relevant information,” Tommy said.

“You didn’t think it was relevant?!” Tubbo asked. He half stepped out from behind Tommy in a bid to turn and face him which was actually really not good because there were two pissed off vampires right there!

...

Okay, so maybe Wilbur was just looking awkwardly confused like someone who’d come over to a friend’s house only for said friend and their mother to start having a row in the middle of the living room, but Phil was surely angry having a human in his space and the more dangerous of the two of them by far.

Phil was dangerous, a threat. It was easy to forget when he was being all weird angry vampire that Tommy might be starting to think he wasn’t a threat to Tommy. It wasn’t safe and even if it was maybe safe for Tommy, it certainly wasn’t for Tubbo. Tubbo was coven, but Tubbo was not a vampire, and the threat was a vampire, so Tommy needed to protect him. But Phil was here, and Phil was *Phil* and also his sire, and so his instincts said that Tommy shouldn’t need to protect anyone in the coven because Phil was here.

The threat *was* Phil though. Tommy needed to do the protecting because Phil was the threat, and yet, still when he’d gotten close, Tommy had forgotten that fact for a moment. That had terrified him more than anything.

Phil killing Tubbo would shatter him in every way possible, but what was even worse was that Phil might be able to force him to forget about it afterwards.

Tommy tried to coral Tubbo back behind him, wanting to press him up against a wall with Tommy’s body between him and the rest of the room, but Tubbo didn’t appreciate that at all. He shoved Tommy’s outstretched arm away from himself, stepping way. Tommy watched Phil’s expression flicker at the light violence directed towards his fledgling and he wanted to scream. He contented himself with standing directly between Tubbo and Phil which left Tubbo’s side vulnerable to Wilbur, but Wilbur was still glancing between them confused and he knew Tubbo anyway, so maybe that’d be okay. They ended up in a semi-circle with Tommy in the middle.

“I saw him a week ago, Tommy,” Tubbo continued. “He comes into the coffee shop once or twice a month. We talked about you!”

Tommy was basically facing Wilbur head on because he was trying to keep both Tubbo and Phil in his perirhinal vision without giving them a direct line of sight of each other. “You do?” Tommy asked.

Wilbur’s brow pinched slightly together. “Ye-”

“Yes, he does,” Tubbo snapped. “Do you know how many times I’ve almost told him where you were out of fucking pity because he’s so mopey about missing you? I just about gave you away multiple times because you didn’t think to tell me Wilbur was one of the vampires who kidnapped and tortured you?”

“Well, I...” Tommy said.

“Wait,” Tubbo said. “Wait, no, that doesn’t make any sense. Wilbur was the one who told me you were missing in the first place. He came to the condo, like, an hour after you left to go meet him. He said you didn’t show up and thought you were avoiding him after your fight. He fucking panicked hard when I said you’d already left to meet him. There’s literally no reason for him to do that if he kidnapped you. It’s not like he needed to convince me of his innocence. What was I going to do? Call the cops on him? And there’s no reason for an evil vampire that hates you to check up on your random human friend every other week and slip him extra tip money.”

“Yeah,” Tommy said. “So, remember when I said it was complicated.

Tubbo glared at him. “Yeah, I do,” he said. “I also remember how that tells me absolutely nothing!”

“He, uh,” Wilbur piped up. Tubbo turned to glare at him and Tommy wince. Tubbo could be pissed at him as much as he wanted but directing any anger towards the other vampires was not a good idea. “He got kidnapped by a pretty backwards nomadic coven. We didn’t really have time to get much information about why they chose to go after Tommy, but when we found them, they’d already started turning him. Phil decided to attempt to override the turn since it’d be better for him to be turned by someone he knew than the person who’d originally tried and also just to speed it up. Traumatic turnings do a number on people’s heads though, more than we even realized, so things sort of got mixed up in his head. He lost a good chunk of his memory from right after his turning. Then,” Wilbur smiled slightly. “He’s a stubborn little bastard, so with his interpretation of events, he bolted the second we even glanced away from him.”

“You knew the Angel of Death before he turned you, too?” Tubbo asked with a scowl.

“I... yeah,” Tommy said. “I did.”

“You have got to be joking, Tommy,” Tubbo said. “Why wouldn’t you tell me you were fucking around with vampires. I lived with you!”

“Well why didn’t you tell me you were...” Tommy paused, glanced at Phil and Wilbur, “doing *things* too?”

“You invited Wilbur into the condo. You invited a vampire into the condo I was living in. That’s a lot different than my *things*.”

A ‘he wasn’t going to do anything’ was on the tip of Tommy’s tongue, but then he remembered that the reason he felt like he was going to puke right now was that he was worried Tubbo was about to get murdered by a vampire.

“And you didn’t even tell me afterwards? I told you my shit. You couldn’t even tell me it when it was relevant? Fuck off.”

“I really didn’t think it mattered.”

Tubbo stared at him for a moment. “You’re fucking lucky your sire would drain me dry before I could strangle you.”

“Don’t fucking say shit like that!” Tommy immediately spat, alarmed. He turned his back completely to Tubbo to watch Phil and make sure the already keyed up vampire didn’t go off at the casual death threat. He didn’t move to do anything, but Tommy still hissed at him for good measure.

“Woah,” Wilbur said. “Maybe we should calm down.”

Tommy turned to hiss at him then.

That apparently was the end of Phil’s patience. “Alright, that’s enough,” he said. His voice was firm and final, and it made Tommy’s teeth slam together almost painfully. He turned to bare his fangs at Phil instead. “I said enough, Tommy,” he reiterated. “Calm down. It’s okay.” He took a cautious step forward and it made Tommy tense, but he couldn’t muster up any more hissing or growling attempts. At least his eyes didn’t drift over Tommy’s shoulder. “It’s okay,” he said again, reaching out to touch the side of Tommy’s head. And it sucked because it was Phil and Phil was the one who was supposed to fix things even before Tommy was a vampire.

Then, his eyes flickered just slightly. “Don’t...” Tommy gasped, feeling like someone had taken wire cutters to his ribs. “You can’t... Don’t hurt him. Please, he’s... Please don’t hurt him.”

“Of course not,” Phil promised softly. “I would never hurt you in that way. I promise.”

And Tommy, feeling suddenly exhausted in every conceivable way... decided to believe him. Tears had already been building in his eyes and he couldn’t help but let them escape now. He couldn’t help but lean forward for comfort, pressing his face into Phil’s chest. Comfort was readily given in the form of one arm squeezing him gently around the shoulder and the opposite hand landing on the back of his head.

“I don’t think I can stand anymore,” Tommy admitted. He wasn’t sure if he was talking only about his quickly weakening knees.

“Right. You shouldn’t be out of bed yet,” Phil tsked. Tommy was already leaning on him, his energy flagging at an alarming rate. He didn’t resist being picked up. “I need to take him back to the nest. Would you prefer to join us or go somewhere else with Wilbur?” Phil asked.

“I’m staying,” Tubbo said firmly, but there was definitely a waver to his tone. Tommy should... even if Phil wasn’t going to kill him, he should still be protecting Tubbo even just to make him feel slightly safer, but before he could put his desire into word or action, Phil was walking and the movement lulled Tommy into complacency.

He was deposited back into the nest in short order. Then, to his extreme surprise considering how vampires *are*, Tubbo was sitting next to him a moment later. He was confused, but also pretty pleased by this development, shifting so he was curled up next to Tubbo’s hip with his eyes shut.

He could hear Phil and Wilbur exchanging words in the background, but he didn’t pay them any attention. He barely paid Tubbo any more attention when he poked him and called his name.

“Wha?” Tommy asked.

“Tommy, there’s an issue, wake back up,” he said really, really quietly.

“Mmm?”

“Listen,” he said, his voice tight. “I may have...” he made his voice somehow even quieter.

“*Lavendered* some vampires to get in here.”

Lavendered? Tommy opened his eyes and blinked up at him. Tubbo stared at him for a long moment and then his eyes widened. Oh. *Lavendered*. “Like... all the way?” Tommy asked, subtly drawing his finger across his neck.

“Yeah,” he said. It wasn’t exactly... a surprise. Tubbo had gotten his hands dirty killing a lot of vampires so Tommy could eat already.

“Were they allies with the Sleepy Coven?”

Tubbo shook his head. “No, they were all the ones involved in the turf war and were being shitty,” he said.

“It’s probably fine,” Tommy assured with a yawn, closing his eyes again. “Tech was apparently a vampire hunter before and only Wilbur was pissed about me being one and if he says something, I’ll punch him.”

Tubbo shook him back awake. “...Okay, but I also... may have... half... well more like 1/8th lavendered someone else,” he said.

Tommy shot him a confused look. Tubbo glanced up at Phil meaningfully, lifted one finger, looked at Wilbur, lifted another finger, and then held up a third finger. He jerked his head to the side.

“You what?!” Tommy said, the adrenaline fully back as he sat up in the nest.

“What are you two talking about?” Wilbur asked.

“Uh,” Tommy said. “So, this has been fun, but I think Tubbo needs to go home now. Right now.”

“And not through the garage,” Tubbo added.

“Yeah. He likes to walk. Carbon footprint, you know. He’s real environmentally friendly and shit. Witches and nature, ya know.

“...Two questions,” Wilbur said. “One: Tubbo’s a witch? Two: What the fuck did he do in our garage?”

Chapter End Notes

A meme courtesy of Chapter 25:

“You’re certainly loud enough to be one,” Techno replied blandly.

“I will bite you!” Tommy threatened. “I will kick you! I will *stab* you!”

“Oh, I’m so frightened of a being stabbed by a 17-year-old child.”



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Humans Don't Bite

Chapter Notes

The new chapter count is tentative, but it gives you a good idea.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“He stabbed me,” Techno said, gesturing at the human who was currently sitting on the bed a few feet in front of him. The human had the audacity to glare back at him as though he had been the one who was wronged. “And now he’s in the nest?”

“Tubbo is Tommy’s guest,” said Phil calmly though Techno noted that Phil was sitting on the edge of a chair that was all but flush against the bed next to Tommy’s pillow. He was leaning ever slightly forward over Tommy protectively. He and this ‘Tubbo’ looked three seconds away from having a tug of war match with the fledgling curled up between them.

Tommy for his part looked somewhere between stressed and panicked. The human was flush against his side and Tommy was the only one who seemed to be taking Techno’s complaints seriously, wincing when Techno mentioned being stabbed, but he also pressed closer to the human at the same time.

“He stabbed me,” he reiterated, staring straight at Tommy who grimaced and cringed back a bit. There was a responding hiss, but to Techno’s surprise, it wasn’t courtesy of any of the vampires in the room.

“Is that human hissing at me?” Techno asked Phil. Wilbur coughed out a chuckle at the question. He seemed to be the only one somewhat calm about this situation for some reason. He’d been nothing but amused the entire time. “What’s wrong with it? Does it have rabies?” The human just hissed again. It was a fairly good imitation of a vampire hiss, though not nearly as intimidating considering how clearly it displayed his dull canines. Techno narrowed his eyes and opened his own mouth to show him how it was done.

“Technoblade,” Phil scolded.

“He started it,” Techno pointed out.

“You know why it’s different,” Phil said, giving him a chiding look.

“Oh, yeah, I’m a threat because I *could* bite him,” Techno said. “He *did* stab me.”

“You’re just pissed you lost,” Wilbur sang far, far too smug. Techno shot him a glare. It had taken the bastard much longer than it should have to let Techno out of the room he’d been trapped in because he’d been too busy laughing at him. Wilbur had been clearly worried when he’d come to find Techno, but the moment he’d realized Techno was upright and mostly uninjured, that worry had faded completely into amusement that had persisted up until now.

Techno was mostly fine at this point, but he was still a bit unsteady on his feet from whatever had been on the witch’s knife.

Techno had been blindsided by that knife when he'd gotten back from checking in on Ranboo. The younger vampire had been a bit distressed the morning before after his and Techno's conversation about his memory loss after his turning. So, when night had fallen, Techno had picked up his favorite chocolate croissant from a local bakery and took it to him. At this point, Ranboo had finished fledglinghood and could leave his apartment to go visit the bakery himself, but he still seemed to appreciate it.

When Technoblade had gotten back to the house and parked in the garage, something had seemed off, but he couldn't figure out what. At least, he couldn't figure out what until he was being stabbed in the upper thigh.

He wasn't sure where the witch had come from or how he had gotten into the garage with him. Honestly, with how feral the thing clearly was, he could have clung to the car's bumper the entire way home, and Techno wouldn't have been surprised.

The first few seconds after he was stabbed, he'd been confused. Who was this child? Where had he come from? Why had he stabbed Techno? Did he realize that the only thing that would do lasting damage to him was a wooden stake? Did he realize even stabbing him in the thigh with a wooden stake wouldn't have killed him let alone stabbing him with metal?

Yet, then, he'd felt the telltale tingle of magic going up his leg and spreading throughout his body. They'd made eye contact, Techno looking down as the kid was short and also had been crouched in his hiding place behind the car as Techno's entire left leg started to go numb, but he hadn't gone down even though he was clearly supposed to judging by the potency of the magic coursing through him. Neither of them had been too happy with the circumstances at that point.

Long story short, the kid had scampered away with Techno in pursuit. Techno had been beamed in the head with a wrench twice and had eventually been lured into a room after the witch only for the witch to slip past him and lock him in the room. He was either clever, lucky, or both because the room had ended up being empty except for cans of extra petrol. Unless Techno wanted to burn down their house, there wasn't anything in the room to help him get out.

If he'd been at full strength, he probably would have been able to break down the door, but he'd been very, very dizzy at that point, and anytime he'd braced himself to shove his shoulder into the door, the leg that had been stabbed had crumpled beneath him. He'd ended up on the floor each time dizzier than before.

Unfortunately, his car keys and phone had been in his hands when he'd been stabbed, and he'd dropped them in shock, so he'd had to wait for Wilbur to come and fetch him. Then, he'd had to deal with Wilbur's amusement for the entire walk back as he'd tried not to stumble into walls. And then, he'd gotten back to the nest only to find the witch who'd stabbed him cuddled up with the fledgling in Phil's nest. And everyone seemed to be okay with this.

Techno gnashed his teeth. "It was a draw," Techno informed Wilbur while leveling a glare at the human.

"Sure," Wilbur said, his tone mocking.

"Wilbur, could you please lay off your brother for at least 20 minutes?" Phil asked, sounding drained.

Wilbur proved once again why Techno was the favorite of Phil's sired by saying, "Aw, but we all have to admit, it is kind of funny."

“Wilbur,” Phil sighed.

Techno crossed his arms and huffed, but he broke eye contact with the human. The moment he did, Tommy perked up a bit. He tilted his head to look up at him and held out a hand, inviting him over.

“I’m not a fan of your friend,” Techno said dryly.

Tommy just frowned at him.

“If I come over there, will you keep him from trying to bite my hand off?”

“Tubbo doesn’t bite,” Tommy said.

Tubbo looked at Techno in a very bitey way. “I don’t believe you,” Techno said, but stepped forward anyway. “You did take away his knife, I hope,” Techno said.

“He gave it up willingly,” Phil replied. Yeah, bullshit, Techno thought looking at the scowl on the human’s face. He really hoped the witch didn’t have some other magical weapon hidden on his person. Still, Techno offered Tommy his hand. Tommy, of course, grabbed his whole arm, his sharp little fledgling claws digging into his forearm.

Techno met eyes with Tubbo who seemed very unhappy at Techno’s new closeness but was biting his tongue for Tommy’s sake. Without breaking eye contact, Techno reached out his not captured hand to touch the top of Tommy’s head, scratching gently through his hair. Tubbo bared his teeth at him in a blatant threat display. Yeah. He doesn’t bite. Sure.

If Tommy noticed the tension between the people around him (and how could he not), he chose to ignore it, pushing into Techno’s touch.

Apparently, Techno and his friend glaring at each other in a stalemate while Phil hovered anxiously off to the side and Wilbur watched from the edge of the bed was enough to make Tommy feel content because he yawned and leaned back against his pillow.

“You are not allowed to fall asleep and trap me here,” Techno informed him firmly. Tommy just kneaded his arm like he was a cat, making Techno scowl at the pinpricks of pain from his claws. “Tommy,” Techno said.

Tommy’s eyes flickered to Wilbur and Phil and then back to Techno. He closed his eyes and turned his face towards Tubbo.

“Tommy. No.”

The only response was a soft inhale and then a quiet rumbling sound from the fledgling’s chest.

Tommy was purring.

...

Dammit. The human was here to stay, wasn’t he?

...

Also, Tommy had definitely just fallen asleep with Techno’s arm trapped, hadn’t he?

Chapter End Notes

Techno: Get your fucking human bitch!

Tommy: He don't bite.

Techno (recently stabbed): Yes it do!

Reconciliation

Chapter Notes

I remember when the chapters for this story were short... I cry.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil and the human were having a staring contest. They had been for what felt like hours at this point. Phil hadn't moved from the chair next to the bed in 12 hours and the human had not moved from the bed.

Tommy had spent most of that time asleep. He'd woken briefly on his own power once to eat and had promptly fallen back asleep after.

Tubbo had not even winced at the sight of a vampire feeding, a sight that even humans who regularly fed vampires often found disconcerting to witness from an outsider's perspective. Of course, Phil had discerned that it was nowhere near the first time he'd watched Tommy eat.

They'd woken Tommy up a bit after that to feed both of them soup. Tommy had vehemently complained about being forced to eat soup. His complaints were promptly ignored considering he'd thrown up the last non-soup human meal he'd had. He'd been out like a light once more after they took the empty bowl away from him.

Now, he was asleep once more. Techno was observing them all from his seat in the corner of the room (he'd retreated when Tommy woke up the first time and finally released him). Wilbur, meanwhile, was sitting on the edge of the bed almost casually. The human just continued to stare at Phil. It was honestly a bit unnerving. He looked angry.

For a human he was very good at staring. Phil tilted his head slightly to the side and Tubbo narrowed his eyes viciously.

"Tubbo needs food," a still half-asleep voice said.

Phil broke his stare with Tubbo to glance down at the fledgling who'd awoken and was peering up at them with bleary eyes. Since he'd last closed them, his eyes had lightened from a pure red to a more purple tone, his human eye color bleeding through. Phil wondered if he was consciously changing the color or if he was automatically adjusting himself to make the human more comfortable.

"Phil," Tommy said. "Feed him."

"Right," Phil said, "humans eat three times a day, wasn't it?"

"Mmm," Tommy confirmed, eyes fluttering shut. "He wants French fries."

"You are not having any more greasy food until you are fully recovered." Phil said patiently.

"But *Tubbo* wants them," Tommy claimed, opening his eyes again to peer up at Phil innocently.

“Ah yes,” Phil said dryly. “I don’t know why I wouldn’t trust you about that.” They stared at one another for a long moment. Tommy’s eyes slowly slipped to the side. “Do *not* look at Techno.”

“I’ll go make Tubbo something that won’t murder Tommy if he steals some,” Wilbur offered, standing up from his position at the foot of the bed. He patted Tommy’s leg briefly before moving towards the door.

Phil watched him leave, wishing he himself could be as calm as Wilbur was about this. He would also like to leave the room (or even sit back in his chair) so casually, but alas this was the curse of being a sire.

Tommy yawned, still sleepy despite the hours of sleep he’d just had. Phil was glad he was actually sleeping finally. Other than the times he’d been knocked out by something external like injuries or a panic attack, his rest had been fitful or simply nonexistent since they’d brought him home.

Worried the increase in sleeping was due to his injuries, Phil had checked his wounds briefly to make sure he hadn’t hurt himself more during his and Tubbo’s escapade. To the contrary, it appeared he’d finally managed to hit that vampire hibernation state that led to them healing faster, though it was not as effective for half-starved fledglings as it was for older vampires. Phil could probably take a 20-minute nap with Tommy’s injuries and be back in working order.

Tommy’s healing over the last few days had been extremely slow, only a bit faster than a human would heal. That speed had increased dramatically after his friend broke in. It was just one more reason that Phil was convincing himself to allow the human to lay pressed up against his fledgling.

Clearly, somehow, contrary to all known laws and logic, Tommy’s instincts registered the human as coven.

Tommy’s instincts were currently very raw and very clingy. Phil had been aware of this fact since their first productive discussion about his state of mind. However, it wasn’t until Phil saw the difference between Tommy just having one or even all three of the vampires he was coven bonded to around and him having all three of them *and* the human he was coven bonded to around that he truly understood. It made a world of difference apparently; he was finally able to actually relax.

Even now with Wilbur having stepped away to get food, he stirred in discontent while half asleep. He curled tighter around his human, nuzzling into his neck.

The human didn’t even flinch at a vampire being so close to his neck. It was fascinating.

He didn’t even start to panic when Tommy sleepily opened his mouth.

“No biting,” Tubbo said firmly.

Tommy whined softly in response, shutting his mouth, but only temporarily.

“Tommy,” Tubbo scolded when his teeth appeared again. “No.”

Phil leaned forward at that. His hand approaching the two made Tubbo flinch back where a vampire literally attempting to bite him did not. Phil didn’t blink when teeth chomped down on his own hand.

Tommy’s fangs weren’t distended, and his bite wasn’t hard. At least, it wasn’t to Phil’s skin. He certainly would have dealt damage to the human though if only a little bit. Judging by Tubbo’s distaste for the attempt, he had been bitten like that before. Yet, still, he pressed himself closer to Tommy while glaring at Phil’s hand like it was a venomous snake. What an interesting creature.

They remained locked in that position with Tubbo giving Phil's hand a murderous stare until Wilbur returned with a tray of food.

"More soup, a grilled cheese, and tea," Wilbur said, blatantly ignoring the scene in front of him. It distracted Tubbo from his death glare, and he shifted to take the tray being held out to him. This caused Tommy to be disturbed. He released Phil's hand and blinked up at him in confusion.

"Why'd ya stick 're 'and in me mouth?" he slurred.

"You were attempting to bite your friend," Phil calmly explained. "I thought he'd appreciate the lack of bite marks." Though the human was not expressing that sentiment in any way.

"I've bitten him loads of time. 'ubbo doesn't mind," Tommy claimed with a yawn.

"Yes, I do you *fuck*," Tubbo replied.

"Mmm," was Tommy's only response. He stretched a bit and glanced over at Tubbo and his tray of food.

Tubbo was apparently actually quite hungry. He did not hesitate to start eating and it made Phil feel a bit guilty. He should probably set an alarm on his phone to remind himself how frequently humans needed to eat. He hadn't personally fed a human since Technoblade was human centuries ago and Techno had been good at being his own advocate in that. It did not seem Tubbo had intended to say anything on the subject even though he was clearly hungry.

Tubbo picked up his sandwich to take a bite and then pulled the sandwich away from his mouth to chew. Which... was when Tommy decided it was a good time to try to steal a bite. Luckily, this time, he was trying to take a bite of the sandwich and not of Tubbo himself. Tubbo, bafflingly, seemed more angered by this attempted slight.

"No!" Tubbo said through a mouthful of cheese and bread, pushing Tommy's head away from his sandwich. "This is my grilled cheese, get away you bastard!"

Tommy just pouted and looked at him with puppy dog eyes.

Tubbo flipped him off, taking another big bite of the sandwich and hunching his shoulders protectively. He reminded Phil of a feral vampire he'd once had the displeasure of running into who had been hunched over a dying human much in the same way.

Tommy narrowed his eyes and lunged, mouth open. Tubbo turned onto his side to curl defensively over his food and...

"I do wonder how many loads of laundry we will be doing this week," Phil sighed as the two soup covered children looked over at him with wide eyes when they realized what they'd done.

News about the full extent of what Tubbo had done both in the past two and a half years and in the last week slowly started to trickle in. From the moment it was revealed he was a witch, it was obvious that he was the source of the protection charm that had hid Tommy for so long. Then, the knife he'd attacked Techno with had been cursed in some way. Yet, they didn't realize the scope of his powers for a while yet.

Wilbur had a friend who'd been a witch before being turned a couple of centuries ago and she confirmed that the knife probably would have knocked out most vampires. Techno had been lucky considering his age and his natural strength to not be as affected. She'd also confirmed the magic was definitely from the Aumerle family line, which Phil had already assumed. Tubbo had confirmed that, though he hadn't been blood related, he had been the last apprentice of one of the witches in that family.

Their witch contact had not been able to figure out how he'd managed to make such a powerful cursed knife. It was blood magic, but she couldn't figure out what made it so strong. Tubbo had been unwilling to share. Tommy clearly also was aware of how this had transpired but pretended not to be. Yet, despite their unwillingness to explain, it was only a matter of time before Phil was able to put everything together.

There had been a turf war in the city that Phil had been aware of before finding Tommy, but they really hadn't involved themselves in it other than to warn the two warring parties to stay away lest Phil's coven as well as their allied coven in the city would step in.

There was no longer a turf war.

There were not enough members left of the Shadow and Nightshade covens to even have a turf war.

Rumors came in over the next few days that a good number of vampires had been slaughtered by some unknown human. For their part, the vampire hunters threw their arms up and claimed ignorance. There was now a hit out on said human from the remaining members of the two covens. The descriptions varied wildly. None particularly wanted to mention the fact that vampires had been taken down by a human teenager that was 5 and a half feet tall. Yet, it became clear with context what had happened.

"Tubbo, you killed over 30 vampires," Wilbur said, eyes wide.

Tubbo glared back at him haughtily which made a bit of a ridiculous picture considering he'd at some point changed into fuzzy pajama pants and was playing the role of pillow to a fledgling in Phil's nest. Though, Phil had long ago stopped underestimating people because of those things. "I killed 37, actually," Tubbo said. "Well, at least in the last week."

"How?" Wilbur asked. "Why?"

"They were all stupid, so it wasn't that hard," Tubbo claimed. Phil doubted that. "They were going wild attacking humans left and right in the turf war. Luring a few into back alleys and stabbing them was simple when they were being shitty and reckless."

"What's left of their covens have a price on your head," Techno informed him.

Tubbo grimaced slightly, but said, "I don't regret it... or at least I wouldn't if the stupid knife had actually worked right."

Techno glowered at that and Tubbo glowered right back.

"We'll make a statement saying he was working under our instructions since their little fight encroached on our territory, and they went against our rules," Phil said to Techno. "Say if they hadn't attacked humans unjustifiably, their coven members would be alive now. If they find any issues with this, they can take it up with me."

“Really?” Tubbo asked, an eyebrow raised. Tommy for his part hadn’t said anything, feigning sleep for the conversation, though Phil was pretty sure everyone in the room was aware he was awake. He peaked up at Phil through one eye as Tubbo spoke.

“You’re under our protection now, of course.” Phil said.

“Of course,” Tubbo echoed, distrust still in his eyes.

Information came easier from Tommy and Tubbo after that. Knowing Tubbo was capable of taking down multiple adult vampires made it easy to guess how Tubbo had kept Tommy alive and in fairly good shape all things considered for all of those months. Tommy hadn’t been fed as he should have been and he hadn’t gotten nearly enough human food, but it had been enough that he’d never been in danger of dying or facing the worst side effects of starvation for fledglings. Once he fully healed from his injuries, he’d be in much better shape than Ranboo had come to them in.

When asked, the boys confirmed Phil’s theory about how they’d lived the past year and a half. It was horrifying and made Phil’s teeth set on edge when they talked about living in a storage shed with barely anything. Yet, being able to do even that much was impressive. It told a lot about Tubbo’s loyalties to his friend.

It helped Phil’s heart start to soften towards the human curled up in the nest. This young boy had done everything he could to protect and provide for his friend even though he’d changed species without warning. True, that protection had kept the fledgling away from Phil and that wasn’t something his instincts could easily put aside, but he could still respect the heart behind it.

If Tommy’s perception of reality had been correct, Tubbo’s actions would have been more than justified. Phil thought about what it would have been like if it had been another vampire Tommy had been running from. Perhaps if he’d escaped the vampires that had originally attempted to turn him, and he’d run to Tubbo. In that case, Phil would have thanked Tubbo for what he’d done. As it was, Phil was not going to be saying thank you anytime soon, but he could let himself accept the human into his home.

His instincts slowly relented, especially as Tommy’s health began to dramatically improve. It freed Phil to leave and take care of other business as long as Wilbur or Techno promised to remain in the room with Tommy.

In turn, not having a vampire hovering over his shoulder at every moment, allowed Tubbo to calm down as well.

Tommy slept most of an entire week, but by the end of the week, he was almost completely back on his feet if a bit sore. They would also have to deal with the aborted changing bite at some point which was still not healing naturally, but for now he was worlds better.

Once he was maintaining consciousness for more than 30 minutes at a time, Techno brought Ranboo over to the house to talk to them all.

Ranboo had been a fledgling that had been turned by the same coven that had attempted to turn Tommy. Techno had found him alone on the ground in a closet after disposing of every other member of the coven the night they’d rescued Tommy. Techno had taken care of him ever since even after he’d become a fully-fledged vampire.

The relationship between Ranboo and Phil's coven was a bit awkward overall but considering how attached Techno had gotten to him and vice versa, he was on track to becoming a full coven member eventually. It had just been a bit hard for Wilbur and Phil both after Tommy's disappearance to accept a new member so soon.

He also knew more than anyone about the coven who'd attempted to turn Tommy, though that still was not much. They'd kept him in the dark, literally as well as figuratively most of the time. Plus, he had horrible memory problems. Though that was even more of a reason to speak to him considering Tommy's memory loss.

Tommy's memory loss was not nearly as severe as Ranboo's. Ranboo was just now starting to remember bits and pieces of his life before Techno found him and he still lost time some days. Even his human memories had been affected, thankfully something that didn't seem to be the case for Tommy. Tommy seemed to only be missing those few weeks and said some of his time after running off with Tubbo was fuzzy, but before his turning was clear. He'd get 'fuzzy' sometimes still but would usually remember most of the fuzzy times afterwards.

He was also physically in better shape. He hadn't had enough human food, but he still had enough time in his fledglinghood to grow at a slightly faster, though consistent rate to catch up. It wouldn't be like Ranboo who'd been forced to shove 5 years of growing into less than a year. Despite the fact that he hadn't eaten nearly as often as Phil would have liked, Tommy hadn't been methodically starved like Ranboo had been.

They'd all had a discussion together with Ranboo in the largest of the living rooms and then Phil had left him and Tommy to talk alone for a bit. Or, well, alone except for Tubbo who refused to let his friend be alone with a strange vampire.

To literally everyone's surprise, Phil had come back about an hour later to a very disgruntled Tommy being ignored by the other two boys who had apparently learned of their mutual love for an 'old' television show and had been chattering on about it for a long time at that point.

Phil didn't mind. In fact, he found it funny. It also came with the benefit that Tommy, being annoyed and petty as well as craving attention after having been ignored for 10 seconds, had curled up against Phil's side in a huff after he'd sat down on the couch.

Phil didn't know what Ranboo had done, but he would need to send a few extra chocolate croissants his way. Ranboo's visit marked the end of Tubbo being unwilling to let Tommy out of his sight for more than three seconds. This was something Phil was thankful for not only because it meant he was able to talk to Tommy without a bloodthirsty witch hanging over his head, but also because Tubbo actually was willingly sleeping for the first time in weeks. He'd even gotten less grumpy. Slightly.

That led them back here in the nest room. Wilbur and Techno had mostly gone back to sleeping in their private bedrooms a door away, but Tommy hadn't asked to be moved, and Phil wasn't going to complain about having him in the nest even if having him in the nest meant a human was also in the nest.

Now, Tubbo was dead asleep, and Tommy was awake. This was a rare thing even now that he was no longer as injured. Tommy was looking down at his friend slumbering next to him.

"You didn't kill my parents, did you?" Tommy asked, seemingly out of the blue.

Phil blinked in surprise. "No," he said. "I wouldn't have."

“It’s just...” he trailed off. Phil reached forward to take his hand and Tommy let him.

“I was turned because my mother died,” Phil said. It was still something difficult to talk about even after all these years. Even after his mother’s bones had surely turned to dust. He wouldn’t even be able to find the location where she’d been buried anymore, but this had stuck with him. “I technically said yes, but... I was emotional and I didn’t want to lose anyone else. Someone took advantage of that fact. I would never do something like that to anyone else. Certainly, I would not to you.”

Tommy paused for a very long moment. “Okay,” he finally said. He didn’t ask any more questions or seem to need clarification.

“You should get some rest,” Phil suggested once sure nothing else would come of it. “You’re still healing.”

Tommy nodded and went to lay down next to Tubbo. “You’ll stay?” he asked.

“Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Phil at everything Tubbo does:



This is morally the end of the story. I have two epilogues that come after this, one just a bit after this story takes place and one a few years late, but this is kind of the wrap up for this story. See you for those two epilogues!

Epilogue 1: Over Your Head

Chapter Notes

Medical procedures are mentioned in this chapter, but don't actually happen.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

5 Months Later

Phil and Tubbo were arguing. It wasn't an obvious thing unless you knew them well and understood how they dealt with conflict, but Tommy knew both of them and they were definitely arguing. He wished they'd just yell it out or something, but that wasn't how the two of them were, especially not with each other.

Or better yet, he wished they'd just quit it, but again, that wasn't how the two of them were.

Phil and Tubbo had... a weird relationship. Usually, it was okay. In the past 5 months, the two of them had learned to get along most of the time. Sometimes though, they managed to brush up against each other in the wrong way: sandpaper on sandpaper style.

Phil was great, but he was also old as fuck and could be a bit of an overbearing prick when it came to people younger than him. Which... might actually be literally everyone. He could get a bit condescending at times, though Tommy could tell he usually put in the effort to not be so.

He kept his house neat and tidy, which was fair for someone who'd lived so long. If he wasn't organized, he'd probably have drowned in his possessions after a few centuries.

He was also a little too clingy, though that might be a byproduct of Tommy still being a fledgling and being one who was missing for a year and a half.

Tubbo had grown up on the streets and had always fought to survive. He'd never had anything resembling a parent other than Mabel, and even with her, he'd been free to run wild. He was extremely independent and didn't take well to being told what to do.

Tommy had managed to get him into a showering routine when they'd been roommates in the condo, but he'd gotten out of the habit when they'd been in hiding. Also, good luck getting him to throw anything away, even half rotted food.

And worst of all, despite how he was very different than Phil, he did share one trait with him: he could also be a bit condescending. It's a trait that had really blossomed the past couple of years when he'd been taking care of Tommy, and Tommy wasn't sure if it was a natural thing that had just been cultivated more or if it had been manufactured brand new out of necessity.

It had always grated a bit, but Tommy hadn't realized just how bad it was until Tubbo and Phil started to have condescension competitions whenever they got in the mood.

The two of them together could be absolutely intolerable, especially when they were both stressed out and taking it out on each other with Tommy in the middle.

“I just don’t think it’s responsible,” Phil explained calmly.

They were sitting in one of the community sitting rooms off the main nest room. Tubbo was sitting next to Tommy on the couch and Phil was seated in the matching recliner. The recliner hadn’t seemed like anything special when they’d walked in here an hour prior, but with the way Phil was sitting on it and the slightly haughty way he was speaking, it was looking more and more like a throne as the seconds ticked by.

“While Tommy’s instincts recognize you and don’t make him attack you on usual days,” Phil continued, “when he’s in distress, we have no idea what could happen.”

“Maybe you don’t know what will happen,” Tubbo said, flippantly, sprawled lazily across his half of the couch. Unlike Phil, a bit of his true agitation slipped into his otherwise nonchalant expression, “but I do. I’ve been handling him ‘in distress’ for years *by myself*.”

The reminder was a sore spot for Phil and was said purely with the intention to rile him up. It worked.

“And you both *somehow*,” Phil struck back, “managed to survive it.”

If Tubbo was a vampire, his eyes would have flashed pure red at Phil’s tone.

“Yet,” Phil carried on, like he didn’t notice, “even if his instincts do recognize you, they still often treat you like you are a vampire, of which you are not. That could be dangerous as well.”

“Well, maybe Tommy’s instincts would be more comfortable with me in the room,” Tubbo said. “He’ll be asleep for it anyway, and we all know he sleeps better when I’m nearby.”

Tommy squirmed uncomfortably in his seat at the way Phil’s jaw seemed to clench for a fraction of a millisecond before his expression was smooth once again.

“Even if that is true in normal circumstances, his instincts would likely be more soothed by the presence of his sire when in pain.”

Tommy winced. He’d been trying his hardest to not think about the upcoming procedure even when Phil and Tubbo had started arguing about it over his head, but the mention of Tommy probably being in pain yanked it to the forefront of his mind.

Phil had said that even though removing the venom from the aborted turning bite would hurt a bit, the pain meds would knock him out and stop him from feeling the worst of it. He wondered if Phil was lying to Tubbo or if he had been lying to Tommy.

“Really?” Tubbo said with a scoff. “Because I think we both know if something goes wrong, he comes to me.”

Tommy felt his fangs slice through his bottom lip. He’d been reassured repeatedly that the chances of something going wrong with the procedure were small and getting the poison out would serve him best in the long run. He’d been reassured almost too much for comfort.

Anytime he’d brought it up, he’d been told it would be fine even though he knew something could go wrong even if it was unlikely. They’d sheltered him from what could realistically go wrong, letting his mind come up with all kinds of probably unrealistic ideas that he couldn’t shake.

What if something got messed up and the poison got into his bloodstream? He knew the foreign sire bite fucked up the skin around it, but his body worked to keep it contained there. What if they let it

loose on accident and it fucked up the rest of his body? Would there be long term consequences of that? Would it hurt the same as it had when he'd been bitten? That had been the worst thing Tommy had ever felt; it had been hell.

If that did happen, what did they do to fix it? Did he have to drink blood or get a transfusion somehow? Did transfusions work with vampires? Would it be human blood or vampire blood? Did it have to be fledgling blood? There weren't many fledglings around and fewer whose sires would allow them to give blood.

Would they not be able to fix it? Would it hobble him for the rest of his fledglinghood or his life? Would it kill him?

Tommy was still turning, would the venom from Phil try to fight it off? Would that hurt worse somehow? Could that kill him?

What if there were complications not even related to any vampire stuff? Humans during surgery might end up with blood loss, which again brought up the transfusion question. What if he threw up into his lungs? Humans did that sometimes during surgery. Was it worse if he was throwing up blood into his lungs?

He'd never had surgery before, what if he was allergic to anesthesia? Would he still have those allergies as a fledgling? Was it even the same type of anesthesia? What if they didn't give him the right dose of whatever it was because his growth pattern was weird for a fledgling of his age, and he woke up on the operating table?

He didn't know and no one seemed to want to entertain his questions. They just wanted to tell him not to worry about it.

They just wanted to politely argue over his head like he was the family dog, and they were trying to decide if he should be fixed or not.

And they were *still* arguing in their little self-important, condescending, faux-polite way even though Tommy had gotten lost in his own thoughts for a bit, which was just one more indication of how Tommy was the subject of this conversation and not a participant.

He felt his eyes starting to burn. *Fuck.*

He stood abruptly, and he honestly wasn't sure at this point if the conversation stalled because they noticed he was leaving or because he'd jostled the couch Tubbo was sitting on in his haste to get away.

"Tommy-" Phil started, but Tommy just turned his face away and shook his head before bolting for the door.

Tommy had figured out quickly after moving into the coven's house that, while he knew Techno's areas of the living space the best, he knew Wilbur's area better than Phil. Wilbur was a bit more private than Techno (at least when it came to Phil), so Phil ended up spending more time in Techno's personal quarters than he did in Wilbur's.

Tommy had never given a fuck about invading Wilbur's privacy even when the vampire had complained about it. Tommy had a lot of experience hiding in spots he wasn't supposed to be in everywhere in the house including Wilbur's space.

If either Phil or Tubbo followed him, Tommy didn't know. He'd slipped too quickly into the maze that was Wilbur's private living space. He wasn't sure if them following would have made him feel better or worse.

Once he finally came to a stop, deep into Wilbur's space, he found a random door he didn't recognize and slipped inside. He found himself in a small room that looked like it had come straight out of the 1990s, complete with puke green carpet, a three-seater couch covered in an atrocious floral print fabric, and a television with antennas coming out of it.

Not questioning it, he walked over and collapsed onto the ugly couch.

If he were human, he'd guess that the place had been abandoned for years in the bowels of Wilbur's living space based on decor alone. However, being a vampire came with the perk of knowing Wilbur must have been in here sometime in the last week or so based on scent.

It must be a pretty well-hidden little hideaway. If Phil, the architect and interior designer, saw this place, he'd probably go feral and eat the couch.

This suited Tommy perfectly well at the moment.

He buried his face into one of the just as hideous matching throw pillows, hoping it'd muffle the sounds of him finally letting himself cry enough that none of the vampires in the house would hear him. It smelled like someone had spilled root beer on it a decade ago and had just blotted at the mess with a paper towel instead of washing it.

It took a while, but he eventually calmed down enough to pull his nose out of the pillow. He almost instantly realized that he was the vampire type of hungry. Phil had probably been planning to feed Tommy before he'd gotten distracted arguing with Tubbo. He always knew when Tommy was going to be hungry before Tommy did.

Tommy groaned, not ready to slink back to Phil for a feeding when he'd just managed to get ahold of himself. Instead, he curled up into a miserable ball on the couch. His eyes caught on the television, and he wondered if it still worked.

It was still plugged in...

Curious, he got to his feet and sat down on the old, but still soft carpet to mess with the thing. It took a bit of fiddling around with the controls since it seemed to be mostly operated with dials instead of the buttons Tommy was familiar with. However, he was eventually able to get it working. The channel he managed to get was a bit fuzzy (but he wasn't going to risk messing with the antennas to try to fix it) and was playing some movie. That was good enough for Tommy.

He noticed there was a blanket on the back of the couch when he sat down and pulled it over himself once seated. He proceeded to curl up into a ball under it, leaving only his face exposed so he could see the TV.

He wasn't left alone for very long; of course, he wasn't left alone for very long. At least, when his instincts prickled, it was not because he felt his sire approaching and there wasn't a hint of human in the air.

Tommy didn't move from his spot taking up most of the couch even when he could make out Wilbur's soft, but not as soft as Phil's, footsteps in the hallway. The door to the room Tommy was in

creaked open a couple of seconds later; Tommy still didn't look away from the movie playing on the TV.

There was a pause as Tommy imagined Wilbur took in the blanket pile the man didn't remember leaving on his couch, and then the door closed again. Footsteps approached the couch and Tommy felt his feet being nudged slightly to the side before the couch dipped and Wilbur took the last available cushion.

"Hey," Wilbur said after a moment of silence.

"Hey," Tommy replied.

"What are you watching?" Wilbur asked.

Tommy shrugged. He wasn't sure if Wilbur was able to discern that considering he was currently a lump of moving fabric.

"I hear there was a bit of a... disagreement?"

Tommy snorted. "A disagreement implies I said anything. Unless you're talking about Phil and Tubbo, then yeah, there was a disagreement."

"Did them arguing upset you?" Wilbur asked.

"No," Tommy said. "Well, yes, but, ugh." He pressed his face back into the old-root-beer pillow.

Wilbur waited for a moment to see if he'd explain more, but Tommy didn't. "Okay," Wilbur eventually said. "I also heard you might be a bit peckish at this point. Want some help with that?"

And well, that solved Tommy's problem while still letting him avoid Phil for a bit longer, so Tommy popped his head out of his blanket bundle and nodded.

Wilbur always was a clingy bitch whenever he got to feed Tommy, so Tommy ended up being corralled into a sort of awkward side-hug that lasted even after Wilbur pulled his wrist away. Tommy didn't mind too much today. He was still a bit upset, and out of the two coven members he wasn't pissed at, Wilbur was the only one who would know to hug him instead of pat him awkwardly on the back and look uncomfortable.

Tommy sighed, leaning his forehead on Wilbur's shoulder as the vampire fussed with his hair briefly.

"They were arguing over who gets to be in the room when the doctors drain the cursed bite," Tommy said eventually.

Wilbur paused next to him. "Oh," he said. "And?"

"And I wasn't part of the argument," he said bitterly. "I never am when they get like that. Usually, I can just ignore it and let it go, but I'm stressed enough about the surgery as is and they don't seem to care about how I feel about it, just about what they want with me."

Wilbur hummed softly and rubbed a soothing hand across his shoulder blades. "I'm sure that's not true," he said. "I know they care about how you feel. They're probably both stressing out that you're stressing out which is making them act stupid. Sometimes stressed people say shit without thinking about how it makes you feel."

“I know,” Tommy said, “but it’s not just now. It’s every time they get into it. It feels like I’m not even there half the time and the other half, it feels like I am there, but I’m not important enough or smart enough to have a say in what happens to me. It’s like I’m a baby and they don’t agree on how to take care of me, but they do agree that they shouldn’t ask the baby.”

“You know, maybe this is me being hypocritical or maybe it’s just me finally learning from my mistakes, but you should probably say something about how you feel to them,” Wilbur said.

“I…” Tommy said with a sigh, “wouldn’t even know where to start that conversation.”

“Alright. How about this,” Wilbur said. “Let’s start smaller. The most pressing thing is making sure you get what you want for your surgery since it’s in a week. You tell me what you want in regards to the procedure, and I’ll make it happen.”

Tommy leaned back slightly to raise a skeptical eyebrow at him; Wilbur narrowed his eyes.

“What?” he asked, sounding offended. “You don’t think I can go up against Phil?”

“I’m not sure you could go up against Tubbo, let alone Phil,” Tommy replied.

Wilbur flicked him on the nose. Tommy tried to bite his finger.

“Tell me what you want,” Wilbur said, “and I’ll prove I can.”

Tommy hesitated, unsure.

“Do you want any of us there?” he prompted.

Tommy thought of laying prone on a table and alone surrounded by a group of strange vampires; his stomach squirmed uncomfortably. “Yeah,” he said. “I need someone there.”

“Alright, do you want Phil there?”

He should, Tommy thought. Phil was his sire. He was supposed to be the one Tommy turned to most right now, the person who would always protect him. Yet, they were still on… rocky terms in some respects even after everything was cleared up. And again… Phil and a table and changing bites and…

He shook his head.

“Alright, what about Tubbo?” Wilbur asked.

Tommy hesitated, because at least with Tubbo he didn’t worry he’d get trapped in the past, but at the same time, Tubbo barely tolerated vampires other than Tommy. He liked Wilbur and Ranboo well enough, endured Techno and Phil’s presence (only just), and hated everyone else sporting fangs. He’d be all… Tubbo about strange vampires touching, *cutting into*, Tommy, and Tommy really wouldn’t have the energy to deal with that. Plus, if something were to go wrong, he’d probably need an emergency feeding from an adult coven member.

Tommy shook his head again. “I want…” he started and then trailed off.

“What?” Wilbur prompted, leaning to the side a bit and setting his chin down on Tommy’s head.

“Can it be Techno?” he asked, softly.

He winced, almost able to feel the flash of jealousy that went through Wilbur, but really, they both had to know it wasn't going to be Wilbur. Even though Tommy knew it was there, Wilbur didn't express any jealousy externally. In fact, if Tommy knew him less, he wouldn't think he was jealous at all.

"Of course," Wilbur said smoothly, pressing a soft kiss to Tommy's forehead. "Whatever you want."

Tommy felt himself go limp in relief even knowing Phil or Techno could still veto that. He'd known he was worked up about who would be with him, but he hadn't realized just how much he had been until that moment.

"And do you think," Tommy asked tentatively, "the people doing the surgery would be willing to put me under sitting up in a chair? I know they'll have to lay me down for the actual thing, but until then. I just..."

"Yes," Wilbur replied. "They'll do it however we say. We can even just have Techno and the person giving you the meds in there until you're out and then bring everyone in if that'd make you feel better."

Tommy nodded fervently at the suggestion.

"Anything else you want too," Wilbur promised. "You don't even have to know now. Hell, you don't even have to know before the procedure. Just let one of us know if you're uncomfortable with anything and we'll fix it for you. Okay?"

"Okay," Tommy agreed, though he'd have to wait to see if Wilbur actually had that kind of pull.

"As for the rest, we can deal with it now or after the surgery if you want. I can talk to Phil and Tubbo about it. Tell them to knock it off," Wilbur offered. "You don't even have to be there." He paused. "Or, maybe you want to be there? Or you want to be the one to talk to them? I can just be moral support if you'd prefer that. It can be however much or little you want to confront them about what you're feeling. I'll help you with that, but you do need to let them know what they're making you feel sometimes is not okay or it won't stop."

Tommy nodded. "Can I think on it for a bit?" he asked. "I don't... I don't know what I want right now."

"Of course," Wilbur said. "We can talk about it again later. We can even wait until after your surgery and after you're feeling better. Just let me know." He hesitated. "Or let Techno know maybe."

Tommy laughed. "Nah, that one's gotta be you. He'd know what to say less than I do. He'd probably panic and flee the country if I told him he needed to help me talk about feelings with Phil and Tubbo."

Wilbur nodded sagely. "A girl once told him she liked me, not even him, when we were kids, and he pushed her into a lake."

"Well, I don't want to be pushed into a lake, so I guess it has to be you then," Tommy said. "Don't be weird about it though. It's only because you're my only option."

Wilbur just squeezed him a bit tighter. A low soft purr started up near Tommy's ear.

"That's being weird about it," Tommy complained, trying to wiggle away, but alas there was no escape and there wouldn't be for a while yet. The blanket he'd been using earlier was arranged around

him, pulled up over his head. He eventually gave up on escape attempts to close his eyes and listen to the sound of the movie still playing in the background and the soft purring near his ear.

Chapter End Notes

Tubbo and Phil: *Acting like divorced co-parents where it ended badly, but they put it aside and are polite for the kid.*

Tommy (the kid): I do not like this.

Epilogue 2: Mustard and Novelty Coasters

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

4 Years Later

Tommy sidled up to Technoblade. The vampire was standing with his arms crossed and a rather intimidating glower on his face. Every so often, he'd move his head slightly and flash his fangs briefly at what was left of the crowds around them.

The horde of humans was giving their little group, or more precisely, Technoblade, a wide berth. Whereas Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo had all tried to dress down for the occasion, Techno had done absolutely nothing to hide who or what he was. Since he'd been hovering over them like a mother hen (a very, very dangerous mother hen), they weren't particularly inconspicuous either.

It was so bad that, other than the vendors who were shuffling nervously in their booths, the stretch of street they were on was all but deserted. Tubbo and Ranboo were currently shopping a few booths down and yet they were still closer to Techno than any non-vendor human.

"I bought you a corndog," Tommy said, shoving said corndog in the man's face with a grin. (Technically, Techno had bought himself a corndog via Tommy since it was his money, but that was semantics.)

Techno just looked at him with an unamused expression.

"It has mustard," Tommy said. "You like mustard."

Techno raised a single, dispassionate eyebrow, and Tommy narrowed his eyes.

"See!" Tommy said, hiding a mischievous grin. He turned the stick in his hand so the line of mustard on top of the corndog touched Technoblade's nose.

Techno's expression didn't change at all, but he did finally open his mouth to speak. "I regret every life decision that has brought me to this point."

"Come on man," Tommy whined. "Eat your corndog, stop murdering the civilians with your eyes and intimidating the vendors, buy yourself a novelty coaster. Live a little!"

"Novelty coasters," Techno intoned. "Truly the epitome of feeling alive."

"Exactly!" Tommy said, blatantly ignoring his sarcasm. "We're not leaving the house for a decade after this anyway. Might as well enjoy it."

Techno closed his eyes briefly at the reminder. "Why did I agree to this?"

He almost hadn't. Tommy had spent the better part of a week trying to get him to agree to this. When Techno had been steadfast in refusing him, Tommy had convinced Ranboo to also beg for them all to attend the local Winter's End Festival. Tommy was confident that he could have eventually worn Techno down just by himself, but they were on a time crunch, so he'd decided a full-frontal assault was best to get his way.

And it had worked! They were here; they were going to be grounded until the end of time. It was great!

They'd even managed to get Wilbur in on the scheme. He'd gotten a lot less protective over Tommy over the years (unlike Phil) and wasn't going to stop them. He did lose some coolness points because he'd decided to take the little-bitch route and had offered to be the distraction (under the condition they snuck him something back).

To be fair, he'd apparently been a pretty good distraction since they'd been able to enjoy the festival for a good hour and Phil had yet to show up and drag them all home.

"You're already here," Tommy told Techno. "It's too late. At least have fun."

Techno sighed, but he did reach out a hand for the corndog. Cheerfully, Tommy handed it over, but as soon as Techno had a grip on it, he took his free index finger and scooped up a glob of the mustard. There was a line of bright yellow drawn across Tommy's cheek the next moment.

"Hey!" Tommy said, jumping back. He rubbed at the mustard, but it just smeared all over his hand and face. "You jerk! What did I ever do to you?!"

"Oh, are we torturing Tommy now?" Tubbo asked. He and Ranboo had wandered back over towards them.

"Just giving him what he deserves," Techno said, producing a napkin and wiping the mustard off of his own nose. He eyed Tommy for a moment and then tossed the already partially spoiled napkin at his face.

"Yeah, that's what I said," Tubbo said.

Tommy narrowed his eyes at him while wiping off the mustard the best he could. He bared his teeth at the witch. Tubbo didn't blink at the threat. Instead, he turned to Techno.

"I want a crystal. Give me money," he demanded.

"How much is the crystal?" Techno asked.

"\$50."

"I wasn't asking you," Techno said, looking over Tubbo's head.

"It was \$32," Ranboo answered.

"Snitch," Tubbo grumbled.

"It's not happening," Ranboo said firmly, despite usually having the backbone of a chocolate éclair.

Tubbo wasn't allowed access to the SBI's funds unsupervised. Phil had tried to give him access, but he'd proven himself dangerous with disposable income. He'd purchased a bunch of hazardous magical equipment right under Phil's nose with Phil's credit card. Then, he'd proceeded to blow up half of the courtyard garden. During the day. When only he could comfortably go outside.

No one in the coven, not even Ranboo, not even *Tommy*, was willing to let him have access to money anymore.

Techno carefully counted out the exact amount of bills needed for the crystal and handed it over Tubbo's head to Ranboo. It was a bit of a slight, but Tubbo definitely deserved it after having just attempted to pull a fast one.

"Plus, food money," Tubbo said.

"How much food do humans even eat?" Techno grumbled, adding another \$20 to Ranboo's pile.

"Thanks," Tubbo said cheerfully.

"Yeah, yeah, demon spawn," Techno grumbled semi-affectionately to his back as Tubbo dragged Ranboo off towards the stand they'd been at before.

Tommy glanced at Techno once they were gone. "If you're not going to eat that, I will," Tommy said, nodding at the corndog.

"It's already touched my nose," Techno pointed out.

Tommy just shrugged.

"Young people are gross," Techno said.

Tommy rolled his eyes. "I was drinking your blood up until two months ago," he said.

"That's different," Techno insisted. Yet, he did finally take a bite out of his corndog.

"What do you think?" Tommy asked him after he'd finished chewing his first bite.

Techno's eyes flickered to him. "Not enough mustard," he said.

Tommy scowled. "You are a bitch, Technoblade!" he said. The man Tommy had bought the corndog from flinched from a few feet away, eyes darting between Techno and Tommy. "You're such a fucking bitch!"

Techno flashed Tommy a grin and then flashed the food vendor his fangs when he noticed him watching. Techno's free arm was coming around Tommy the next moment, the familiar red cape billowing around them both.

"Come on," Techno said, nudging him down the street. "Those two are getting a bit far."

He nodded at Tubbo and Ranboo who had seemingly bought the crystal already and were now walking further away, likely towards the food truck whose sign claimed it stocked strawberry shortcakes on sticks.

"You could let any of us out of your sight for more than 5 seconds," Tommy said.

"Tubbo would probably light something on fire," Techno said, shaking his head.

"You could let me out of your sight," Tommy said with a pout.

"Maybe when you're 150," Techno replied dryly. He took another bite of his corndog. One of the vendors they passed watched the vampire take a bite with a mix of horror and fascination. They probably didn't even know vampires ate human food. Plus, Techno's fangs were on full display.

"Do you think Phil's figured out we're gone yet?" Tommy asked.

“If he hasn’t, he will soon,” Techno said. He released Tommy and reached into his pocket. The barest hint of a grimace crossed his face as he glanced at his phone. “Yes.”

“How long do you think it’ll take him to track us down?”

“Well,” Techno said. “It took us 30 minutes to get here, so 15 max.”

“Shit,” Tommy said, conversationally.

He glanced at the strawberry shortcake stand they’d just arrived at. Its line had dramatically decreased all of a sudden; Tubbo and Ranboo were already at the front.

“Can I have one?” Tommy asked, hopefully.

“Bruh, you’ve already had so much human food tonight,” Techno said. “You’re fully-fledged now, you can’t eat as much as a human.”

“Please?”

Techno sighed, and out came the wallet once again.

“Tubbo order another one!” Tommy called, snatching the \$10 bill from Techno and rushing over to slap the money on the counter in front of the startled vendor. “We’re on a time crunch,” he told the woman with a smile. “The fun police is in route.” And oops, he might have shown a bit too much fang because she gulped and turned hurriedly to get them their food.

Tommy needed to get a handle on that. Ranboo was good at keeping his lips carefully over his adult fangs, but Tommy hadn’t quite gotten ahold of it yet. He’d been alright with the baby fangs, but those had come out about a year ago and he was out of practice being around normal humans. He forgot how big his new ones were sometimes.

Tommy turned to look over his shoulder. “Techno, do you want one?” he asked, noticing the stick in his hand was now divest of both corn and dog.

“No, the corndog was enough human food,” he said. His eyes slowly trailed over the already spooked woman making their food. She went ridged under his stare before he casually glanced away.

Alright. He was just being a prick now.

The woman was done with their order in record time, practically throwing the three orders at them. They took their spoils over to one of the nearby picnic tables to eat them despite the stick part implying they were meant to be eaten while walking.

Ranboo had long legs, and so, in the interest of comfort, chose to sit backwards on the picnic table so his legs could stretch out. Tubbo, seeing this as a chance to feel as tall as him, chose to sit on the table itself with his feet on the bench.

Just because he could, Tommy chose to sit next to Tubbo on top of the table with the sole aim of reminding him he was not and would never be taller.

Techno, predictably, did not sit, but stood a silent, imposing vigil off to the side, looking over their heads.

Tommy managed to finish his entire cake before he noticed Techno shift oddly. Not even a moment later, Tommy's own internal vampire perked up happily.

Oh fuck.

Here came Phil.

Tommy couldn't see Phil yet, but he felt him step onto the street like the eye of a storm. The humans at the festival, unknowing and foolish as they were, seemed to breathe a sigh of relief as his presence made itself known.

Any vampires who hadn't been scared away from the festivities by Techno, were surely hightailing it to higher ground by now. Except, of course, their little group of 3 +1 witch.

Tommy turned around to see him approach. He was in his 'business attire;' else the humans likely wouldn't even know he walked among them. They knew him like this though with the long robe and veil that covered his face. They were probably relieved he was here to take the 'scarier' members of his coven home.

Wilbur trailed behind Phil. He shrugged at their group from behind his back, but really, he'd done perfectly well as a distraction in Tommy's opinion. Tommy was just surprised he appeared to have gotten this far without being caught.

Tommy's other brother on the other hand...

"*Technoblade*," Phil said, chidingly as he approached.

"Oh, huh," Techno said, with a slow blink. "Tommy's here. When did he get here?"

Phil just huffed at him and then Tommy was blind.

"Phil!" Tommy sputtered, trying to shove the fabric that had come over his head suddenly away, but it was just cinched around him tighter.

He looked up to see Phil peering down at him with glowing red eyes, studying him for any sign that anything was even slightly wrong.

"You smell like mustard," he commented.

Tommy just glowered at him, baring his fangs.

Tommy's display of irritation was not acknowledged, but he was eventually able to squirm so that his head popped out of the top of Phil's robe even if he was still being pinned to the older vampire's side by it.

Tubbo burst out laughing as soon as he did. "You look like a baby opossum," he said, wiping an invisible tear from his eye.

Tommy would have lunged for him if he had the option. Tubbo obviously knew this and was taking advantage of the situation.

"Ranboo, slap him for me," Tommy said.

“I’m not getting in the middle of this,” was Ranboo’s reply. In fact, he’d scooted to the very edge of the picnic bench in order put physical distance between him and ‘*this*.’

Tommy gave a soft growl. “Techno, slap him for me.”

“No one is slapping the human in the coven,” Phil said, voice reasonable, even though he was being entirely unreasonable right now by not letting Tommy go. He did give the back of Tommy’s head an idle scritch as he spoke, which almost made it worth it.

Tubbo stuck his tongue out at Techno.

“He’d deserve it,” Techno argued back, gesturing at the boy.

“And the two of you can fight it out in another three decades,” Phil told Techno.

“I could take him,” Tubbo muttered under his breath. Of course, being surrounded by vampires, he had to know everyone would hear him.

“One time he gets half of a drop on me...” Techno grumbled back.

“Which,” Phil continued as though they hadn’t spoken, “coincidentally enough is how long you are all in trouble for after this stunt.”

“I just wanted to go out and see the festival,” Tommy complained.

Phil just frowned down at him and smoothed a hand through his hair. “Not alone,” he said.

“I wasn’t!” Tommy protested. “Why is all of the focus on my anyway? I’m not even the baby anymore.”

“You’re not *a* baby,” Wilbur said amused, “but you’re still *the* baby.”

“Be careful,” Tommy said, snapping his teeth at him. “I have dirt right now.”

“What dirt?” Phil asked, peering at Tommy’s face, which meant he missed the way Wilbur drew a finger over his own neck warningly.

“Nothing,” Tommy said innocently.

Phil tilted his head, looking like a curious bird. A hand was pressed to the side of Tommy’s face.

Tommy batted it away. “Just fucking, turn Tubbo already. I’m done being the baby.”

“Technically even if I get changed into a vampire after you, I’d still be older.” Tubbo reminded. “You’ll be the baby for the rest of time.”

Tommy struggled to get to Tubbo even more valiantly at that, clawing at Phil’s grip on him. “Let me at him, Phil!”

“No,” Phil replied, reeling him back in from what little progress he’d managed to make. Tommy slumped, defeated for now.

“I’ll bite you,” he hissed at Tubbo.

Tubbo rolled his eyes. "You say that like you didn't already try that this morning," he reminded disdainfully.

Tommy hissed at him again.

"Time to go home, I think," Phil said decisively then.

"Do not try to carry me, old man," Tommy said warningly while leaning away as much as possible as Phil began to shift. "I refuse to be carried through the festival, Phil."

Phil considered him for a long moment before relenting and letting him go. Tommy quickly took his chance to get to his feet, though he stayed close to Phil's side, very aware if he got too far away, his grudgingly given leg privileges would likely be revoked.

Phil and Wilbur rounded them all up and ushered them back towards where they'd parked the car.

Tommy wondered what people, humans and vampires alike, would think if they knew the Angel of Death drove a minivan on his own time.

Tubbo and Ranboo climbed into the very back seat, Tubbo because he was the shortest and Ranboo because he clearly wanted to be as far away as possible from Phil and Techno arguing in the front. That left Tommy and Wilbur to take up the back seat.

Once the car had started, Tommy silently pulled a package out of his pocket and slid it across the seat to Wilbur. Wilbur huffed out a laugh after looking at it before shoving it into his own pocket with a smile and a wink.

It was a pack of 4 coasters each with a pair of animals on it. One had foxes, one had raccoons, one had bears, and the last had deer. Each one said the words "my brother is a bad influence," on it.

"You're the bad influence," Wilbur said softly, which was true enough today. Even if Phil did hear the words over the sound of himself bitching out Technoblade, he wouldn't know what they meant. Tommy just smiled and shrugged, reaching forward to mess with the backseat heater settings. (Phil may have a minivan, but it was a *fancy* minivan with backseat temperature controls.)

The back of his seat was kicked, "Fuck you, it's hot back here," Tubbo said.

Tommy responded by turning up the heat even higher.

"You *fucker*," Tubbo spat.

"Don't make me have Wilbur sit between you two," Phil took a break from his argument with Techno to say.

"Oi, don't make me sit between them! I'm the only one who didn't do anything to deserve being punished tonight," Wilbur said. "Make Ranboo sit between them."

"Putting Ranboo between Tubbo and Tommy just means we have three of them together," Techno pointed out.

The argument about the best seating arrangement for the trip home ironically distracted everyone enough that they didn't need to change the seating arrangement for (relative) peace. Tommy threw in his own jabs at different people in the car when any openings presented themselves, but mostly, he

was content to listen to his covenmates half arguing and half just messing with each other all the way home.

Chapter End Notes

The humans: Oh, thank god, the reasonable one is here to take the scary one and the band of misfits home finally.

The vampires: Oh, holy shit! Holy shit! Bitch run!

Phil: I'm here with my minivan to pick up my kids. Who are in *so* much trouble. =\

And that is the end of Scorned! Thanks so much for reading! I'll finish up Orphaned next. There may eventually be more in this series, but that's it for the main story.

End Notes

We have fanart from the endnote of [Chapter 23](#) and from [Chapter 28](#)!
Also, fanart about [Chapter 29](#).

In recent news about Technoblade, I made a statement regarding if this and my other fics will be continued [here](#). The short answer is yes.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!